



THE

# Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 10 Jan. 1962








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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

10 JANUARY, 1962

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Princess Margaret's baby son, Viscount Linley, was just three weeks old when his father, the Earl of Snowdon, took this charming colour picture at Clarence House. The distinguished photographer is seen as a baby (right) with his mother the Countess of Rosse. For a selection of babies in the Royal Family turn to page 78



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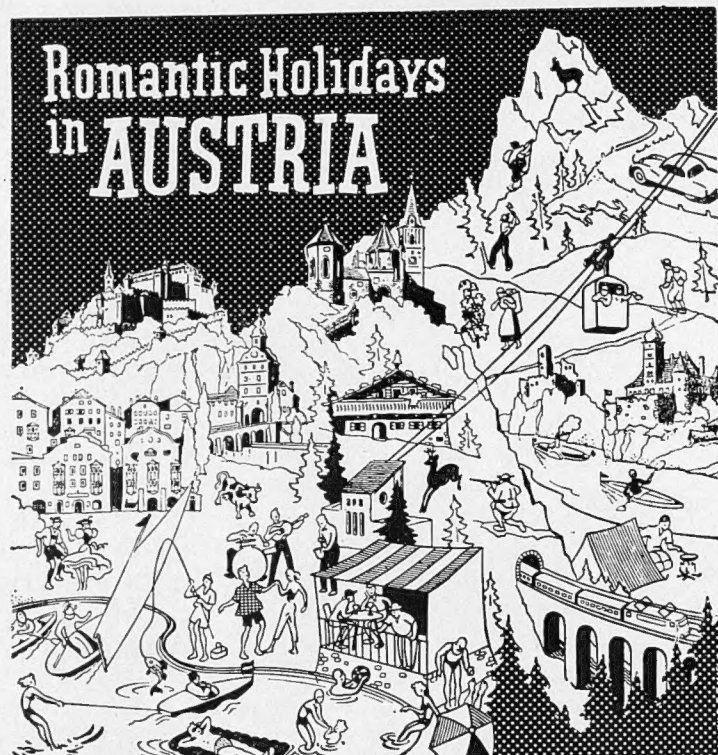
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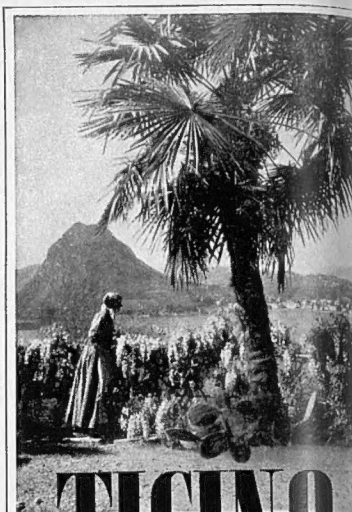
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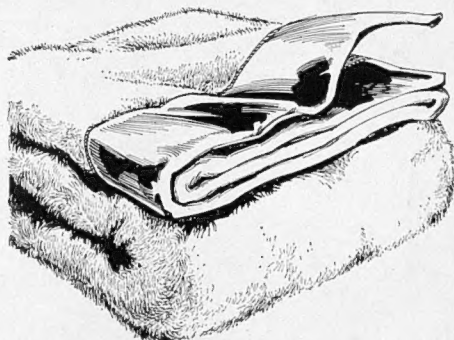
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Usual price 87/6			
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Usual price £5.19.6			



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**ALL COLOURED** Christy's Self-coloured Towels, recommended for hard wear and good drying. In pink, blue, green, yellow and lilac.

Hand size	22" x 42"	SALE	<b>9/11</b>
Usual price 11/6			
Bath size	27" x 52"	SALE	<b>16/11</b>
Usual price 18/11			
Small bath sheet	40" x 60"	SALE	<b>29/11</b>
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Bath towel	30" x 54"	SALE	<b>16/6</b>
Usual price 18/6			
Small bath sheet	40" x 60"	SALE	<b>26/6</b>
Usual price 29/6			
Large bath sheet	48" x 80"	SALE	<b>45/-</b>
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## SALE OF PILLOWS



### THE PILLOW PAIR DE LUXE

A White Goose-down filled top pillow and goosefeather under pillow, covered in downproof sateen, giving superb comfort.

Usually £6.17.6	SALE	<b>6 gns.</b>	pair
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Feather Down Pillow, covered in White downproof sateen. Size 19" x 29".

Usually 52/6	SALE	<b>45/-</b>	each
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For those allergic to Down, we offer an all Terylene Pillow filled and covered in Terylene. Size 19" x 29".

Usually 55/-	SALE	<b>49/6</b>	each
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Latex Foam Pillows. A clearance from a well known maker of slightly imperfect foam pillows. Ideal for the child's bed as these pillows stand the hardest wear.

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Feather Pillows. White proofed tick.

Usually 25/-	SALE	<b>19/11</b>	each
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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Putney Hospital Dance**, Hurlingham Club, 12 January. (Tickets, £1 1s. from Mrs. A. M. Tudor, 12 Hazelwell Road, S.W.15. PUT 1472.)

**R.A.D.A. Theatre Ball**, Savoy, 12 January, in aid of the Denville Hall Rest Home. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. supper from Mrs. H. W. Rubin, 31 Pelham Court, Fulham Road, S.W.2. KEN 9833.)

**Feathers Dance**, Lyceum Ballroom, Strand, 15 January, in aid of the Feathers Youth Clubs, 10-17 age group. (Tickets, £1, table reservations £1, from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. KEN 8600.)

**Hunt Balls: Oakley**, at Melchbourne Park, Beds. (Tickets, £3 5s. from Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Hart Farm, Stevington, Beds. Oakley 337); **Pevensey Marsh Beagles**, Cavendish Hotel, Eastbourne, 12 January; **Woodland Pythley**, Deene Park, Northants, 13 January; **Cowdray**, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 19 January; **V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's)**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester; **Hampshire Hunt**, Guildhall, Winchester, 26 January; **Fernie**, Deene Park, 27 January.

**Field Trials**: Southern & Western Counties (retriever novice dog & handler stake), Sutton Scotney,

Hants, 18 January. Spaniel championship, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxon, 23-24 January.

**"Horse & Hound" Ball**, in aid of the Olympic Games Equestrian Fund, Grosvenor House, 18 January. **"Enchantment, or Escape to Sanity,"** Scala Theatre, 23 January, in aid of the Greater London Fund For The Blind. (Particulars from Miss Frances Murphy, 29 Lissenden Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

## WINTER SPORTS

**Geneva Cup**, Villars, 12 January; **British & Swiss Parliamentarians' Annual Race**, Davos; **Lauberhorn**, Wengen, 13 January; **British Men's Racing Week**, to 14 January, Davos; **Army Ski Championships** (downhill & slalom), St. Moritz, 23, 24 January; **Derby Sciatori Cittadini**, Sestriere, 27-29 January; **Inter-Services Championships**, St. Moritz, 30, 31 January; **British Ladies' Racing Week**, Chateau d'Oex, 30 January-4 February; **Inferno**, Mürren, 4 February; **World Championships** (Alpine), Chamonix, 10-18 February; **Gornergrat Derby**, Zermatt, 16-18 March; **Scottish Kandahar**, Glencoe, 15 April.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing**: Hurst Park, Liverpool, today & 11; Haydock Park, Sandown Park, 12, 13; Birmingham, 13, 15; Plumpton, 17; Wincanton, 18; Newbury, 19, 20; Catterick Bridge, 20; Wolverhampton, 20, 22 January.

## RUGBY

**Scotland v. France**, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 13 January; **England v. Wales**, Twickenham, 20 January.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Cinderella*, 2.15 p.m., 13 January, 7.30 p.m., 13, 15, 17 January; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., 20 January. (cov 1066.) **Covent Garden Opera**. *Aida*, 7 p.m., tonight & 12 January; *Die Zauberflöte*, 7.30 p.m.,



Erich Auerbach

Teresa Berganza, the Spanish mezzo-soprano, will give recitals at the Rosehill Theatre, Cumberland, tomorrow & 13 January, accompanied by pianist Felix Lavilla. She will be heard in London as a soloist in the De Falla concert being given in the Royal Festival Hall on 16 January, and in a recital there on 25 January. Opposite: A study by Crispian Woodgate of Maxine Audley as Lady Macbeth in the current Old Vic production

11, 16, 18 January; *Don Carlos*, 7 p.m., 19 January.

**Royal Festival Hall**. *The Nutcracker*, by London's Festival Ballet, 3 & 7.30 p.m. to 13 January. (WAT 3191.)

## ART

**Primitives to Picasso**, Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. To 7 March.

**Modern Spanish Art**, Tate Gallery. To 18 February.

**Modern Argentine Painting & Sculpture**, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover Street. To 10 February.

**Richard Beer**, paintings. Arthur

Jeffress Gallery, Davies Street. To 26 January.

## EXHIBITIONS & SHOWS

**International Boat Show**, Earls Court. To 13 January.

**Royal Gifts Exhibition**, Christie's, King Street, St. James's. In aid of Y.W.C.A. To 21 January.

**Schoolboys' Own Exhibition**, Olympia. To 13 January.

**Camping Exhibition**, Olympia. To 13 January.

## FIRST NIGHT

**Unity Theatre**. *Aladdin*, a political pantomime. 19 January.

## BRIGGS by Graham











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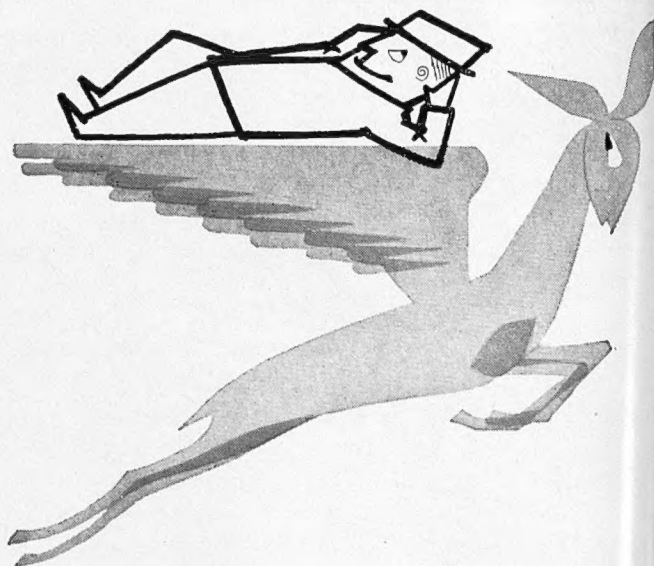


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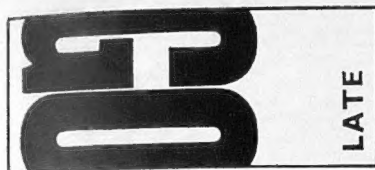
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Iain Crawford

*Soirée with a fringe on top*

THE INTRIGUING THING ABOUT **The Establishment** IS WHY IT HAS NOT happened before. Night-club entertainment has always been pretty firmly tridented on the prongs of sex, saxophones and satire—with, of course, intervals of sweet music and soft lights—but until recently the third element has been notably lacking in the London night scene. The strip-clubs offer sex—many of them in a strange fetishist kind of way in the afternoon. This can be tawdry and dull, with tinsel and other embellishments substituted—or should it be deducted?—for talent. Or it can be artistic without being in any way offensive, a beautifully underdressed revelation of the female form as at ex-film star Ray Jackson's **Casino De Paris**. You may disapprove of this kind of thing but no one could say it is ill-done. (And, as I hear that the *nouvelle vague* in this kind of entertainment is likely to be scantily clad females wrestling in mud—already being trained, my informant says—many people, like me, may be prepared to settle for this at one end of the line.) In the middle is the saxophone, the real cool and the trad, the steel band and the soft throb of guitars. This is for enthusiasts, twangily-minded dancers and those who want a musical excuse for clinging together in the company of lots of other people. Out on a limb until now has been satire—a twist of art at which the English from Chaucer down to Noël Coward have always been savagely good.

A small night-spot in London, of course, has the money to hire Mr. Coward—who, in case anyone over here has forgotten, is still much alive and kicking us on Broadway—and lesser calibre stars of international celebrity can only be paid for if they appear in vast barns in which the intimate club atmosphere is lost. But *Beyond The Fringe* proved that the English have not lost their taste for satire and one member

of that talented quartet, Peter Cook, together with ex-big-game hunter Nicholas Luard, has carried the razor-sharp tongue technique out of the theatre into cabaret where it more properly belongs.

There are two shows at **The Establishment**, one at 9.30 and the second at midnight in which guest stars may appear. The satire is almost entirely political, sharp, cruel and brilliantly carved with bone-scraping, smiling sadism by John Fortune, John Bird and Jeremy Geidt backed by Carol Simpson and Eleanor Bron. There are 7,000 members and celebrities are turned away nightly. Membership is three guineas, food is cheap, well-cooked and filling, and the modest wine list adopts a reasonable humility in its prices—a carafe wine at 12s., a Château Chante Alouette 1957 at 17s. and a glass of sherry for 2s. 6d. Downstairs you can dance to Dudley Moore and his jazz but the place for working off inhibitions is upstairs. I have not laughed with such savage glee for years. This show is inexpensive in everything except talent. There is not a spangle nor a bare chest in sight. Is it too much to hope that some other night-club owner may elect to give us satire—if it is only to accommodate the overflow from **The Establishment**.

**Cabaret calendar****Talk of the Town** (REG 5051).

Joan Regan, plus the Ten O'Clock  
Follies now featuring the Ballet  
Trianas.

**Society** (REG 0565.) Lynette Rac.

**Savoy** (TEM 4343.) *The Charlivelles*,  
international entertainers.

**Celebrity** (HYD 7636.) Albert &  
Les Ward, Alfrero & Assis,  
acrobats, and Yasmin.

**Winston's** (REG 5411.) *Edwardian  
Nights, music hall memories  
produced and introduced by  
Ted Gatty.*



Tony &amp; Eddie are at the Pigalle



John Baker White

*Across the Sobo Channel*

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

**The Boulogne**, 27 Gerrard Street (GER 3186.) The outside of this restaurant (first opened in 1852) has taken on a new look, but the inside, except for a small Edwardian-style bar, remains pure Parisian-Victorian, even to the red lampshades with fringes, and acorn-shaped weights to raise and lower them. Very pleasant, in fact, for all ages, and so is the food—French and Eastern Mediterranean. The kebab at 10s. 6d. for example is excellent. The wine list, like the coffee, is quite good, and includes three Turkish wines. You can eat well for about £1, without wine. *W.B.*

**Angus Steak House**, 15 Wardour Street (Leicester Square end). Open noon to midnight, and fully licensed to that hour. *C.S.* (GER 4477.) This is the latest in the Angus chain, fulfilling adequately the purpose its name implies. It has an open kitchen, so you can choose your cut of meat and watch it being cooked. The décor is pleasant and I am told that there is room for 100. Spend about 15s. and you will go on your way amiably replete. And talking of the Angus establishments, the one at 42 Dean Street, which I think is the largest, is open on Sundays. *W.B.*

**Burghley Room**, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1. (GRO 6363.) *C.S.* This restaurant is in the same place as the grillroom used to be, but is completely different in character and décor though, happily, John is

still in charge. Its forte is speciality dishes of high quality, such as *Omelette Normande*, 18s. 6d., a plank steak, 21s., and *Suprême de Faisan à la Façon du Chef*, 26s. 6d. As I know to my pleasure, the chef has a highly original lobster dish and cooks woodcock beautifully. The décor is modern and restful, though it contains three fine 18th-century mirrors and a flower painting by Jean-Baptiste Monnoyer, lent by the Marquess of Exeter, after whose family the room is named. The colour scheme is largely brown, orange and blue, a good background for well-dressed women. *W.B.*

**Wine notes**

Mr. G. W. Thoman reports that after a period of acute anxiety in September the grapes were saved by a final autumn burst of sunshine. He says: "The outlook now is that the wine, though not great in quantity, will be of above average quality. We cannot, of course, expect the fullness and ripeness of the 1959 wines, but they will certainly be better than the 1960s and will reach about the quality of the 1958 vintage. It will be what the wine shippers and wine merchants in this country consider a good and useful vintage."

**... and a reminder**

**Wolfe's**, 11 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street. (WES 6868.) Now has its own cellar including some unusual wines.  
**Hyde Park Hotel grillroom**, Knightsbridge. (BEL 2000.) Do not fail to book your table. Smart, fashionable, with good cooking.  
**Country Life Vegetarian Restaurant**, 21 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. (CIT 6248.)

Open 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. Run by the Vega people.  
**Cafe le Jazzhot**, 257 Fulham Road. (FLA 9449.) Will serve you steak or chicken until 3 a.m.  
**Quaglino's**, Bury Street, S.W.1. (WHI 6767.) Recently redecorated in various shades of red. Food and wines as good as ever.







# PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA



Antoinette Sibley, who was born in Bromley, Kent, joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet School when she was nine, graduating to the Royal Ballet in 1956. Since then she has danced all the leading classical roles on tour—two of them in London, Odette in *Swan Lake* and, last month, Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty*. The 22-year-old ballerina is seen above with Svetlana Beriosova, photographed by Michael Peto for this series in the practice room.

*Antoinette Sibley*



# FOR SOPHISTICATED ELEGANCE THE

# 14

## FINEST HOTELS ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Winter-weary thoughts are turning to the Riviera, where against a setting of warmth, constant sunshine and a vivid profusion of nature's colours, the sparkling winter season is just getting under way.

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MONACO: Métropole \*\*\*\*L,

JUAN LES PINS: Provençal \*\*\*\*L,  
Belles Rives \*\*\*\*L

EZE BORD DU MER: Hôtel Cap Estel \*\*\*\*L

BEAULIEU: La Réserve de Beaulieu \*\*\*\*L

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The hotels will be glad to supply you with their prospectus, and of course the French Government Tourist Office (66 Haymarket, S.W.1.) will provide any general information you may require.



## UPPER BAVARIA IN WINTER

For information and brochures write to:  
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BRUGES: Houses lining the canal and (right) the statue of Jan Breidal and Pieter de Coninck in the Market Square



Photographs: J. Allan Cash



Doone Beal

## Bruges and Antwerp

IT WAS A LONG JOURNEY FROM BRUSSELS FOR BRUGES ON A DAY OF FULL WINTER, WHEN the streets were traced like black lace against a pale December sky. Peter in Brussels had said that this was a poor time to visit Bruges, but I thought differently. To see this little town of swans, willows, canals and gabled houses in winter is to exchange a more obvious pretence for the real flavour of its medieval self. Certainly it contains some exquisite paintings and buildings, but it is essentially small-scale and intimate, and unlike Florence and Venice, with which it is so frequently and erroneously compared, its charm could evaporate in a crowd. This was brought home to me—if it needed to be—when a guide, complete with party of 15, arrived and sat her exhausted charges in a row before the Memling triptych in the tiny museum of St. John's Hospital. Imagine them multiplied in the season, I thought, as I consoled myself with a top-price Cinzano at the café next door before going back to have another look, alone. Notre Dame and the lovely Michelangelo *Madonna and Child* I did have to myself; and the six small galleries in the Groeninge Museum, which contains Memling's *Annunciation*, Van de Goes' *Death of the Virgin* and the weird, almost diabolical *Last Judgment* of Hieronimus Bosch. Outside, the cobbled streets were quiet and empty; the canal waters glacial, steely and reflective under the thick little stone bridges. I was delighted to find the Beguinage deserted, too. Probably more often photographed and painted than any other part of the city, this convent enclosure of whitewashed houses now belongs to an order of Benedictine nuns. In former days, it was where unmarried daughters of the gentry led a life of quiet refinement, probably making lace until they were nearly cross-eyed. What an oasis it must have been in Bruges' prosperous, bucolic 14th-century, when the city was among the most important in Europe and the Dukes of Burgundy made the Prinsenhof one of their most illustrious headquarters.

As in Brussels, one can indulge to an equal extent the pleasures of the eye with those of the table. The two best restaurants are the Panier D'Or, in the Market Place, and the Duc de Bourgogne, whose bay windows overhang one of the prettiest stretches of the canal. In

the dining-room is an interestingly ill-assorted collection of paintings, the pride of the patron. Flemish is not an attractive language, and a dish called *waterzooi* sounded unpromising. It turned out, however, to be a most delectable concoction of chicken cooked with cream and sometimes fish as well, served in the manner of *moules marinière* (which also are a local delicacy). For people motoring into Bruges from Ostend, another restaurant particularly commended to me is the Goudendag at Lissewegge, which is between Bruges and the seaport of Zeebrugge. The best hotel in Bruges is the Portinari. It is a converted mansion with extremely pleasant modern bedrooms, bar and restaurant. Bruges is the sort of city that one *can* see in a day. Or, well primed on the intricacies of its history, the Burgundians, the Spaniards and the Inquisition, the long vendetta with the Dutch Calvinists—one in which to spend a week to know and to enjoy it.

Antwerp, for a long time the cut-throat trading rival to Bruges, is also its antidote and in a way its complement. It is a great, spanking, spacious city whose cathedral spire and gigantic ships' cranes are silhouetted against a sky of rolling, clouded steel. Diamond-cutting and the quick turn-round of ships are what count in its present-day life. So are shops and cabarets and restaurants: (La Rade, the Criterium, Le Gourmet sans Chiqué, plus a string of good Chinese restaurants, head a long list.)

As befits a city that prides itself on being the metropolis rather than the capital, its rich old municipal buildings are more solid, more sober than those of Brussels. In its Hanseatic heyday it was, in any event, more important. The merchants of the time were much concerned, one feels, with the business and brass of the day, as well as with decorations. Rubens's opulent, fleshy beauties owed a lot, surely, to good living, and his house, just off the Meir, is an example of an artistic taste and temperament amply fulfilled and rewarded in its lifetime. Van Dyck worked in his studio for some time, as well as Jordaens, Snyders and many others. The Beaux Arts Museum, which is far more impressive than that of Brussels, contains a formidable and fascinating collection spanning nearly four centuries of German and Italian as well as the Dutch and Flemish paintings—among which, of course, the Rubens collection is the most important. The other museum most worth seeing in Antwerp is the Mayer van den Bergh collection of primitives.

Trains in both Holland and Belgium are simple as pie, but the Transport Ferry Service ships cars from Tilbury to both Antwerp and Rotterdam; round trip there, £12 per person, plus from £9 7s. 6d. for the car.





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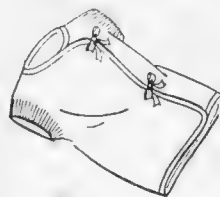
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THE TATLER  
10 JANUARY 1962

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# NEW YEAR DEBUTANTE



1962's first débutante, 17-year-old Miss Mary Rose Hoare, elder daughter of Sir Frederick & Lady Hoare, Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, had her coming-out party on 1 January. Appropriately it was held in the salon of the Mansion House—she is seen beside the chair her father uses on official occasions. Muriel Bowen writes about the party. Her weekly column begins overleaf, with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



# NEW YEAR DEBUTANTE

continued



*Miss Angela Marshall-Smith and Miss Elizabeth Morgan-Grenville*



*Left: Miss Josephine Cooper*



*Miss Marinella Hoare, nine-year-old younger daughter of Sir Frederick & Lady Hoare*



*Right: Miss Mary Rose Hoare, for whom the party was given, with her father, Sir Frederick Hoare*



## MURIEL BOWEN'S COLUMN

SNOW, THICK, CRISP AND ICY COLD MADE IT A New Year for youngsters to revel in. Fathers watched as families slid from the hall door on their skis. "The girls tell me that ski-ing conditions are very good," the **Earl of Caithness** told me on the telephone from Balmoral where he is the Queen's Factor. "Quite exceptional snow for ski-ing this year; I'd say there is about 18 inches of it up here." The ski slopes round Grantown-on-Spey in Morayshire were full as never before for New Year. From the Palace Hotel Mr. **Nigel Grant**, the proprietor, told me: "A lot of people have been up the Cairngorms on the new chair lift which came into operation two days before New Year, and for the beginners there is the ski school on the golf course." The skiers, more English than Scots, have come mainly in family parties. In a New Year as cold as 1962 there is a lot of one-upmanship in having your own lake. Your friends may never previously have noticed it, but come hard frost they're waiting and willing for invitations to skate. Mrs. **Gavin Goodhart** has welcomed her friends to her beautiful, rhododendron-banked lake at New Mill in Berkshire. "Skaters are such a lovely sight; I love to watch them on the lake," she told me. "My husband has been out and so have about 20 other people." But much as Mrs. Goodhart likes watching the skaters the weather has its drawbacks. Her chickens are hating it. There has been skating too on **Lady Benyon's** pretty lake at Englefield House, frozen really hard for the first time for several years. "I only hope it will be hard when the term starts," she said, leaving her TV to talk to me. "The boys from Bradfield College and from the Nautical College at Pangbourne have a perfectly wonderful time here when the lake is frozen." When I spoke to Mr. **Christopher Loyd** he was very modest about his skating prowess. With his wife and some friends he had two days of skating on his lake, frozen for the first time since 1947. But there was no skating on New Year's Eve—the lake was covered by a foot of snow.

**Lord Porchester**, a non-skater, has a fine lake at Milford Lake House. However it would not be wise to court an invitation there. He tells me that the ice is very rarely strong enough "to hold people up!" In Gloucestershire there has been skating at Cheltenham and Stroud, but none at Cirencester Park. Time was when the local band turned out in the park so that the skaters could perform to music. "Alas! no skating," said **Earl Bathurst** sadly. "Four inches of snow on the lake just spoilt it. A pity, it's superb skating when it really freezes." The Under-Secretary at the Home Office admits to skating, "rather shakily." However the snow hasn't stopped his hounds, the V.W.II. (Earl Bathurst's). "When it's not been too icy we hunt on bicycles, and when it's very bad we take the hounds out on foot," Lord Bathurst

told me. It can't have been the happiest New Year's eve for **Capt. Ronnie Wallace**, snowbound in Oxfordshire. Once in my hearing the Master of the Heythrop gave the weather worse than I've ever heard it get before or since, but on this occasion he was taking it philosophically. "It's good for the hounds and horses to have a rest, and we've had a good season so far, so they can do with it," he said. Even so the greatest fox-catcher of them all gave notice that he isn't remaining happily house-bound for long! "If this weather goes on indefinitely I'll go out and catch some foxes in the snow." Skating, ski-ing, TV, and delicious coal fires (sending their dark fumes into smokeless zones) made up the general New Year's Eve picture. Not everybody, though, followed the dictates of the weather. A call to the depths of Cornwall found **Lady Browning** (Daphne du Maurier) sounding very young, very bright and doing her annual accounts. "I *always* do my accounts on New Year's Eve," she insisted. But then for a successful writer (her next book, with a Cornish background, comes out in the spring) accounts must be a joy. Her husband, **Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick ("Boy") Browning**, was enjoying his telly. And their one regret was that the snow had missed out their part of Cornwall. In Cumberland the weather didn't let anybody out of those tiresome chores from which it sometimes provides an escape hatch—like those endless children's parties which Mums adore and Dads can't abide. There was a bright, sunny ending to the old year. "It's very cold but we've had the most lovely day of glorious sun," Mrs. **Bill Fletcher-Vane** told me. Then casually and amusingly she added the perfect off-the-cuff remark for the M.P.'s wife: "If you really want to wake up to bright sun occasionally this time of year you should live in Cumberland or Westmorland."

## NEW YEAR PARTIES

Dangerous road conditions meant more people than usual spending New Year's Eve at home. Not everybody though; in London cars were crunching to a halt in thick snow as guests arrived for a New Year's Eve banquet at the Dorchester. The wise ones brought long-handled kitchen brooms, a sort of snow disposal unit should their cars be blanketed when they emerged in the early hours. A man from Hampstead came in butcher boots, and the footwear left in the ladies' room was reminiscent of the Ski Room at the Palace Hotel in Gstaad when the snow falls there instead of here. Fortunately the grimness of getting there was soon disposed of by distractions on the grand scale. Men of the Royal Horse Guards trumpeted in the New Year. At midnight Big Ben boomed forth; luckily his voice had been recorded, as a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



Terrington and Lady Hoare



Miss Clarissa Kindersley and Mr. Anthony Simonds-Gooding who was helping at the bar





# WINTER DANCING

At the Dorchester—the Snow Ball to help the Greater London Fund for the Blind

*The Hon. Rose Keppel, the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish, Mr. Neil Edmonstone & Miss Amanda Heywood-Lonsdale*



*Miss Theresa de Tuyl and Mr. Leslie Archer-Davis*



*Mr. Gerry Akroyd and Countess Bathurst*



*Miss Wendy Lavers and Mr. Christopher Morgan*



*Mrs. L. White and Earl Bathurst. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid with Mrs. D. Cornell*



*Mr. Christopher Purchase and Miss Barbara Herbert*





At Grosvenor House—  
the annual Liberal Ball  
organized by the party's  
active Social Council



*Mr. Frank Byers, chairman of the Liberal Party, won a model yacht on the tombola. Above left: Mrs. Jo Grimond, wife of the Liberal Party leader*



*Mrs. Susanna Fletcher*



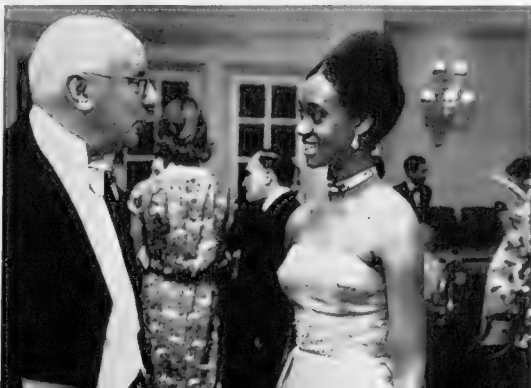
*The Hon. Angus & Mrs. Sinclair. He is the son of former Liberal leader, Viscount Thurso*



*Lord Beveridge and Miss Fiona Fane*



*Viscount Gwynedd. Left: Mr. Harold Glanville with Princess Elizabeth of Toro*





## NIGHT OUT FOR YACHTSMEN



*Major & Mrs. Charles Ball received the guests. He is vice-commodore of the club*

*Left: Mr. & Mrs. J. D. C. Ewing. He is rear-commodore*

*Right: Miss Jacqueline Ewing jiving with Mr. Mark Eden-Bushell*

The annual Ball of the Royal Thames Yacht Club was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, next door to the clubhouse now rebuilding

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

blob of snow had slowed him down. Then on to a rollicking evening of balloons and paper hats, eightsores and twists. London's festivities didn't end with New Year's Eve. At the Mansion House on New Year's Day the Lord Mayor, Sir Frederick Hoare, and Lady Hoare, were welcoming débutantes and their escorts—as well as their own friends—to a coming-out dance for their daughter, Mary Rose. (See pictures, page 69 onwards.) Sir Ralph & Lady Perring were there, and so were Mr. & Mrs. Henry Hoare, Capt. & Mrs. Michael Bowater, Lady Denyne Butler, Lord & Lady Terrington, and Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Rawson. Naturally there were a number of the girls coming out in 1962 including Miss Anne Faber, Miss Rosemary Hicks-Beach, Miss Suki Marsham-Townshend, and Miss Diana Macleod, the attractive only daughter of Mr. Iain Macleod, Leader of the House of Commons, and Mrs. Macleod. Other young people there were: Miss Mary Ann Parker Bowles, Mr. Adrian De La Bère, Mr. Torquil Macleod, and the Hon. Alexandra Carington. The Mansion House, deceptively squat and solid from the outside,

offers tremendous scope to a hostess like Lady Hoare who is able to realize its possibilities. She herself, with the help of friends, virtually transformed large and slightly forbidding rooms into something gay and amusing. Dancing started off cosily in the salon. Then at midnight for those who wanted something different there was the Night Club in the Egyptian Hall. A park bandstand with blue & white candy-striped canopy had been set up in the centre of the huge hall and dancing went on round it. Sitting out was at gaily clad tables beneath huge umbrellas. The party ended with breakfast, a very informal sort of breakfast, down in the Mansion House basement.

## BEFORE THE BLIZZARD

There was no snow to negotiate to get to the Snow Ball. (See pictures, page 72.) It beat the blizzards by a week, and the only indication of things to come was the giant, snow-covered canvas that covered the end wall of the Dorchester ballroom. This is perhaps the most lavish of the annual charity balls (a benefit for the Greater London Fund for the Blind) with cruises from Venice to be picked up with a raffle

ticket, while children's sports cars, sturdy enough for fathers to drive, ensured the throwing of money away on the tombola. Lady Chesham was chairman of this year's ball and her son, the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish, ran the raffle, which raised £478. "He was simply splendid and he pepped up the junior committee with a lot of bright young men," Mrs. J. R. M. Page, the vice-chairman, told me. Many of the raffle tickets were sold in advance and Mrs. Anthony Thompson, who off-loaded 55 books on her friends, got the seller's prize, though it was a close finish with Mrs. W. S. Abbott selling 54 books. "My husband did the selling really," Mrs. Abbott told me after the applause for her efforts had died down. "I found that whereas I said to people, 'Will you take a ticket?' he was saying, 'Do have a book,' and getting away with it." Who else was there? Cdr. & Mrs. Henry Wilkin—tackling the running of the tombola with quarter-deck efficiency, Mr. & Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid, Buchan of Auchmacoy & the Hon. Mrs. Buchan, Mr. Nicholas Embiricos, Mr. Richard Butler, and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Donald—she won a fortnight's holiday for eight in a villa in Corfu. Also there were Mr. Peter Price & the Hon. Mrs. Price,





Left: Miss Melanie Franklin and, right, Mr. Paul Orssich

Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. Richard Haselden and Mr. Anthony Boyden



Left: Miss Lindy Dorling-Bishop and Captain Sam Browne



Right: Mr. Glyn Blaxter, commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club

Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson, Miss Sally n-Rees, Mr. & Mrs. Struan Robertson, & Mrs. Gavin Anderson and Mr. Hugh Iards who won a child's sports car in which he was vigorously propelled round the ticket ls by admiring friends. As I said, the prizes were splendid; even so as I left in pouring rain I did not envy the two elderly ladies wondering how to get a large fireplace into a taxi!

## INVADING THE LIBERALS

The talk may be about the Liberals joining up with *Labour* but it was the Tories who were snapping up the tickets for the Liberal Party's annual ball at Grosvenor House. (See pictures, page 73.) The place was thick with Tories. "Come to think of it, more than half our guests are Tories," said Mrs. Stanley Clement Davies. However, her party was soon shaking with laughter. After heavy spending on the tombola stall it wasn't one of the Tory guests but Mr. Stanley Clement Davies, son of the former Liberal leader, who won Mr. Jo Grimond's book about the Liberal Party. When a Conservative, Miss Blanche Davies, won a rolling pin she held it up above her head and asked: "Will anyone buy

a rolling pin—it's going for only five shillings." She had hardly got the words out when a woman who had just moved house claimed to need one "desperately" and gave her the money. "Crafty that was," muttered a voice as Miss Davies having re-invested her five shillings came away with a box of chocolates and a mystery box. Personally I didn't think it half as crafty as Mr. Frank Byers, the Liberal Party chairman, who managed to exchange the hot water bottle he won for a hefty bottle of claret. Expensive tombola can be as frustrating as bingo. But Mrs. George Hensher who was running the thing had thought that one out to a successful conclusion. For those who didn't win a prize there was a box of consolation prizes; I did rather well out of it. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter was there, and so too were Mr. & Mrs. Jo Grimond, Miss Heather Harvey, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Malindine, and the Hon. Angus Sinclair and his wife. There were some very hearty handshakes for Viscount Gwynedd, the Party's newest member. Another recent recruit was Mr. Edmund Hambly, the orthopaedic surgeon, who recently switched from *Labour*. His wife looked very pleased; she's a Cadbury and a lifelong Liberal. "My last Liberal Ball was

when I was courting her," Mr. Hambly told me.

## WESTMINSTER WEDDING

When the Hon. Sir Denys & Lady Buckley's pretty daughter Catherine married Mr. Charles Nunneley the ceremony was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the reception afterwards at Merchant Taylors' Hall in the City. "We would have liked to have had it at home (in Wales)," Lady Buckley told me. "But it's such a business getting people to come miles into the country this weather. Then, too, I don't think we would have got all the friends we wanted to have into our local church." From the groom's side of the family there were his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Nunneley, Mr. & Mrs. Martin Pym, and Viscount & Viscountess Parker. On the bride's side of the church I saw Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Slade, the Hon. Joyce Buckley, Lord & Lady Wrenbury, and Mr. & Mrs. Roger de Grey. Baby Peregrine Armstrong-Jones, 13-month-old uncle of Princess Margaret's baby, Viscount Linley, was experiencing his first wedding to the full—right down to a sip of champagne. He arrived with his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, and a nanny.



Sailing enthusiasts from the Midlands and the North turned out in force to launch the 75th anniversary dinner and dance of the Trent Valley Sailing Club at the city's Grand Hotel

## Leicester Gala



*Miss Jina Warwick and Mr. Ian Saxby*

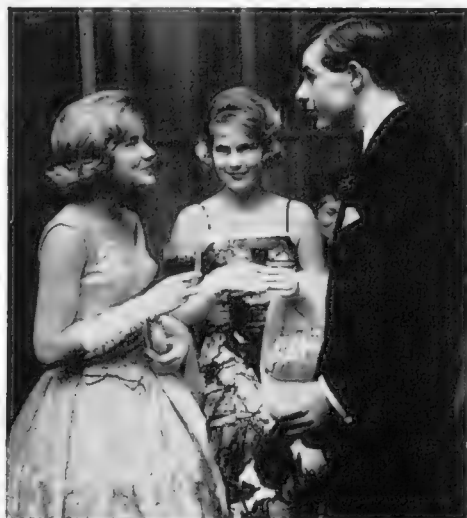


*Balloons distract some of the 120 dancers*



*Photographs: Van Hallan*

*Mr. & Mrs. R. S. J. Farmer—he is Commodore of the club—with Mr. & Mrs. Peter Robinson*



*Left: Alderman & Mrs. Charles E. Worthington. He is the Commodore of the Leicester Yacht Club. Far left: Sisters Pat & Rosemary Atkin with Mr. David Fisher*



Miss Catherine Elizabeth Buckley, daughter of the Hon. Sir Denys & Lady Buckley, was married to Mr. Charles Nunneley, son of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Nunneley, at St. Margaret's

# London Wedding



*The bride leaving for St. Margaret's with her father*

Photographs: Tom Hustler

*Champagne for the bridesmaids. Back row: Alexandra Bell, Miranda Buckley, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Christopher Naylor, the best man, Timandra Nicholls, the Hon. Sir Denys Buckley. Seated: the Hon. Lady Buckley. Children: Sarah Williams, Emilia de Grey, Victoria Mansfield*



*Left: Mr. Peter Jenkins and Miss Waveney Devitt. Far left: Mr. & Mrs. Martin Pym—she is the bridegroom's sister—and Miss Jenifer Wontner*



# ROYAL BABIES



Right: *The Queen in 1926; she was eight months old. Below: Christening picture of Princess Anne, now 11*



The most cherished pictures in any family are those of its youngest member. The Queen's picture (*above*) as baby Princess Elizabeth heads a picture gallery of Viscount Linley's royal relations in their own babyhood



*Prince Andrew at 11 months, taken a year ago*



Left: *The Prince of Wales was eight months old when this picture was taken at Windlesham Moor. The Prince is now 13*



Prince William of Gloucester at Besswell Manor in 1942 when he was just under a year old



Prince Richard of Gloucester at 12 months in the grounds of Government House, Canberra. His father was then Governor-General of Australia



Princess Margaret at 12 months in 1931



Prince Michael of Kent's first birthday picture. He is 20 this year. Left: The Duke of Kent at eight months, taken in 1936





# BOAT DREAMS IN JANUARY

Water sportsmen often wish they could get in as much sailing during the season as they enjoy vicariously at the International Boat Show. John Fisher picks some of the more covetable exhibits from this year's display

A FEW SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE MIGHT WONDER whether there is going to be enough water to float all the yachts, cruisers, power boats, catamarans, canoes, surf sailers and water-skis to be seen at this New Year's nautical extravaganza. But, if your favourite winter sport, like mine, happens to be picking dream-boats for next summer, it's hard to ignore the current *Daily Express* Boat Show at Earls Court. And the most dreamy of all the new boats there is called the Cushioncraft. This gleaming white 10-seater hovercraft "floats" on a cushion of air at only 12 lb. per square foot of pressure—less than 1/200th of what's used for a motor-cycle tyre. Its Rolls-Royce engine allows it to travel forward at up to 50 m.p.h. and it will clear 2-ft. waves and gentle slopes such as you find on saltings. This so-called



THE STANLEY 10, do-it-yourself 10-ft. sailing dinghy by the Stanley Works (G.B.) Ltd., Sheffield. Can be built for about £30. Right: DEBUTANTE FAMILY CRUISER, £650, (above right) big sister ESCAPE, 25 ft. 6 in. sloop. Both designed by Bob Tucker for Blanks Boatyard Ltd., Stanstead Abbots, Herts



family model is manufactured by BRITTEN NORMAN LTD., of Bembridge Airport, Isle of Wight.

Next, I direct your attention to a boat with a hull made of concrete. In the past many large vessels have been built from this material, but here is a pleasure boat whose concrete hull is less than an inch thick. It is in fact a luxury cruiser with two double cabins, each with its own wash-basin and w.c. and hot and cold water throughout.

This craft is displayed by WINDBOATS LTD., of Wroxham, one of a large association of yards which hire out boats for holidays on the Broads, and the firm believes that the method of building with Seacrete, to give the material its proper name, has a big future. Another new boat building material is shown by the F. A. HUGHES CO., of Stratton Street, London, W.1, a subsidiary of the Distillers Company Ltd. It is described as "an impermeable, tough,

highly finished, colour-impregnated sheet, made of 'high-impact' rigid polyvinyl chloride requiring no finishing or painting.' Boats built with it and on show include a folding dinghy and a folding 13-ft. high-speed runabout designed to be carried flat on top of a family car. More and more hulls are made entirely of fibre-glass including the Bristol 1, a glass-fibre version of the *Yachting World* 30-ft. keelboat, winner of the Cowes Round the Island classic against 273 starters in its first race. She is by BRISTOL AEROPLANE PLASTICS LTD., of Filton, Bristol. Bigger still is a 56-ft. motor yacht with a Deborine hull in glass-reinforced plastic built by HALMATIC LTD., and fitted out by Tough Brothers Ltd., of Teddington. BOSSOM'S BOATYARD LTD., of Oxford, are showing their new 14-ft. glass fibre Bosun dinghy, designed for training and recreational use by the Royal Navy and suitable for family use, open water sailing and all training purposes.

There are glass-fibre versions of several classes of boat such as the Five-O-Five, Five Metre, and Moth which are sailed internationally. There are even fibre-glass sailing surfers this year, which seems to indicate that despite our cold climate and the lack of protection given by these sailing "planks," they are becoming more popular. Two new ones by SLYTE MOULDINGS (MARINE) LTD., of Southampton-by-Sea, Sussex, are—The Skiff, 11 ft. 6 in. long with lateen rigged Terylene sails of 100 sq. ft. in area, and the Super Skiff, also lateen rigged, 13 ft. long with 70 sq. ft. of sail. They are unsinkable. Just the thing to put on the back of a car when going abroad for a little quiet thing afloat.

Thinking of foreign travel reminds me to mention how international this year's Boat Show has become. Here and there one notices products or boats from the United States, the Netherlands, Canada, Italy, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, West Germany, East Germany, Poland and Hungary. And the Salon Nautique has up-anchored from its cosy haven on the Seine in Paris and has taken a stand to show cruisers, catamarans and engines from many different parts of France.

This year, a real effort seems to have been made to attract those who've never taken out a boat in their lives before. For example, several sailing schools have taken stands at which the able-bodied can enrol. There is also a new section, Boats for Beginners, with more than a dozen sailing craft specially chosen for the unfledged helmsman.

Then there is the ever-popular Build-It-Yourself Boatyard. One of the dinghies there, the Stanley 10, won its designer a £100 prize in a national competition for an easy-to-build craft. Another boat, the Optimist, designed for children, can, it is claimed, be built in 24 hours. About 30 boats, some sailing and some power, are included in the Boating on a Budget (up to £250) section and I notice an increasing number of benevolent companies are willing to finance

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Left: METEOR MARK II, 14 ft. 6 in. glass-fibre runabout, a record-breaker by Penn & Wood. Light to transport, £785. Below: BRENSAL QUEEN DAYBOAT by Brensal Boats Ltd. Strong timber day cruiser, large open cockpit; for outboard engines and speeds up to 28 m.p.h. £725



A YACHT MARINA: fully-equipped scale model by Shell-B.P. Service facilities for boats, quayside fuelling, berthing for 300 craft, hotels, car parks and moorings for casual callers are provided. Left: MERCRAFT AQUASPEED 80, a 16-ft. glass-fibre boat designed for water ski-ing and pleasure boating. Speeds up to 42 m.p.h. £998; Mercury Plastics Development Co.

MERCRAFT AQUAPOWER 130, high-powered glass-fibre speedboat, used for British Water Ski Championship. £1,450; Mercury Plastics Development Co.





deserving helmsmen and have taken stands at Earls Court for the purpose.

I was also glad to see that new efforts are being made to overcome, in one way or another, the growing shortage of moorings round our coasts. New trailers with power winches allow boats 27 ft. in length and sleeping six, for example, to be kept at home and taken to a new "port" each weekend for launching, and more and more boats like the Jack Holt Vagabond and Heron, in addition to those already mentioned, are designed to be carried on the car roof.

But the most striking new developments are in the field of artificial jetties and ports. SHELL MEX AND B.P. for instance are showing a full-size floating filling station that can be moored at any convenient spot to allow craft to refuel at any state of the tide. The building on deck includes a storage room, w.c. and a shop displaying chandlery and other goods.

The fuel pumps deliver both petrol and diesel fuel. This float is a handy little contrivance to have around on regatta day or at a Concours d'Elégance. The same company are showing a model of a Marina or artificial harbour, the



THE BRISTOL 1, glass-fibre version of the Yachting World 30-ft. keelboat, winner of the Cowes Round the Island race. Bristol Aeroplane Plastics Ltd. Below: The hull, seen here on a light trolley, shows the integrally moulded, non-slip upper decking to provide a safe working surface



boat park of the future—or should I say of the present, since DART MARINA of Dartmouth has a full-scale model of their existing Marina, with its dinghy slips, floating mooring stage, refuelling berth, cruiser slip, laying-up shed and hotel? Dartmouth, with its Elizabethan-style Butterwalk and the tree-covered cliffs of the River Dart, provides the backdrop to this year's Boat Show harbour in which 10 assorted craft ride at anchor. Among them are Thunderbolt, winner of the International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race from Cowes to Torbay last August, and Yo-Yo, second boat in the race. Helicat, designed by J. R. MACALPINE DOWNIE LTD., will also be floating in the pool. She raced in the recent British-American Challenge series in Long Island Sound and brought back the

International Catamaran Challenge Trophy. She is 24 ft. long with 12-ft. beam and can easily be taken to pieces for moving from one place to another. The same company is showing the new Dolphin Cruising Catamaran, 20 ft. long with accommodation for four people; she is designed to travel well under sail as well as under auxiliary power.

BILL O'BRIEN, another experienced cat designer, is showing a four/six-berth cruising catamaran with full standing room in each of the two hulls. The cockpit takes 10 to 12 people in comfort and the saloon dining table six. G. PROUT of Canvey Island, Essex, is offering his latest improved model 19-ft. catamaran cruiser as well as the ever-popular Shearwater III catamaran now supplied in fibre-glass.

I also advise pilgrimages to the following stands: BLANKS BOATYARD LTD. to see Escapade, the newly arrived big sister of the tremendously popular family cruising sloop Debutante. . . to CRESTA CRAFT to see their shark fishing boat. . . to the CANOE CENTRE for slalom and Eskimo rolling craft. . . to BRENSAL BOATS LTD. for a four-berth cruiser specially designed for comfortable living on canals and rivers. . . to the ROYAL NAVY stand for the sloop Marie Sarais built with Nuffield Trust money for the Royal Marines. . . to SHARP'S COMMERCIALS LTD. for a craft offering all the thrills of water-ski-ing with safety and stability. . . to the stand where the islanders from Tristan da Cunha are building one of their famous canvas-covered longboats and to the MARINE ARTISTS' Exhibition.

# *At Home at the Royal Academy*



*In the Sculpture School: from left, Arnold Machin, R.A., Henry Rushbury, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools, Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., and William McMillan, R.A.*

**On the Tuesday nearest 10 December—date of the signature of the Instrument of Foundation by George III in 1768—the Royal Academy meets to elect (more usually re-elect) its President and welcome new members. Ronald Blythe sets the scene at an annual gathering that has become in close on 300 years something of a family occasion. The pictures by John Cowan are the first to be taken at the R.A.'s Council Meeting and General Assembly**

A VISIT TO THE ACADEMY today can be a strangely ambiguous experience. Every detail of those richly beautiful rooms which William Kent designed for his friend Lord Burlington evokes the aristocratic past and yet, at the same time, lends a remarkable assurance to the activities of the present. For so public an institution, the general atmosphere is extraordinarily intimate—a cross between a good club and a country house. The President, Sir Charles Wheeler, and the

Secretary, Mr. Humphrey Brooke, were at work at the same large desk in a warm brown and gold room they call the Office, but which is really more like a private library. It was a pleasantly busy day combining a Council Meeting, preceded by tea in the Saloon, a General Assembly of Academicians for the annual election of the President, and a dinner of the Academy Club to which all members may belong. Three new Academicians, James Gunn, Norman Hepple and Christopher





*Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., with Mr. Humphrey Brooke, secretary of the Royal Academy, in Mr. Brooke's office between meetings of the Council and the General Assembly. Below: Dame Laura Knight, R.A.*



Sanders, were to receive their Diplomas. These documents which had been signed by the Queen were piled on the table. Below the window Sir Joshua, the first President, seemed to be acknowledging the jam of parked cars at his feet with every ounce of his celebrated courtesy. In the Saloon his fine easel dominated the tea-party and beyond the gates, remote and far away, flowed Piccadilly.

There is probably no institution in the country which retains at its heart such a quintessence, so much of the very pith, core or kernel of the eighteenth century, as the Royal Academy. If to know all is to forgive all then to know at least this much is to have a key to the otherwise frequently bafling door to Bur-

lington House. If Hogarth had had his way there wouldn't have been a Royal Academy and if Gainsborough had had his it would have died from sheer indifference. Since then there has never been any lack of academicides—if I may coin a cruel word—and not a few of them have been entitled to put R.A. after their names.

In six years' time the Academy will be two hundred years old, a fact which would not have in the least surprised King George III, who promoted it, or the erudite and tactful Sir Joshua who steered it into working order, or even Gainsborough, who neglected it. For none knew better than they that life was a rough and tumble affair and was nothing if it lacked standards,

and that art had its standards like everything else. Being creatures of the Age of Reason, they recognized the necessity of order—even when personal inclination made them most disorderly. The Royal Academy was to uphold the true principles of art and it was also to provide a shop window and market for the artist. Most importantly, it was to provide training for the young artist. The Royal Academy Schools, which are free, teach painting, sculpture and architecture, but perhaps their greatest contribution to British art has been the traditional excellence of their life classes. It is impossible to estimate their value during the two centuries of their existence. More than 6,000 students have

drawn there, including Constable, Soane, Turner, Flaxman, Millar, Ivor Hitchens & William Scott. And Etty, in spite of mockery of his fellow R.A. because he set up his easel with beginners, drew in the life class regularly all through his career.

To reach the Schools one walks through Lord Burlington's vast wine cellars, a many-arched causeway, big enough for Bacchus and now used for stacking the sad and many canvases which have not made the grade with the Hanging Committee. Here is the titanic figure of Hercules in Repose which Rowlandson included in his drawings of the Academy Life School when I was a student in 1772. And here in the Sculpture room, is the grim result of a frightful experi-

*Charles Mahoney, A.R.A., and John Aldridge, A.R.A., drink sherry between meetings in the Saloon at the Royal Academy*



*A. R. Thompson, R.A.*



*Sir Edward Maufe, R.A.*



*Ruskin Spear, R.A.*



ment which is in its way just as much a legitimate aspect of the Georgian forcefulness of Burlington House as the splendid bravura of its public rooms. An officer ordered a private soldier at Chelsea Barracks and was hanged. This was round about 1810. The general interest in an... was almost morbid in its...ity. There was some speculation at this time about the... aspects of crucifixion... the officer's corpse was nailed... cross and a plaster cast... of the result. And it is this... rible object which somewhat...atters the composure... the complacency—of every... to the Schools. Its

realism is profound and it forms a grim link which joins the art student of the nineteen-sixties, with his jeans, CND badge and Ministry of Education grant, not only to the tough Regency world, but to those young artists of the Renaissance who sat sketching at the foot of the gallows.

What of models? Good models are getting hard to come by, it seems. The Keeper, Mr. Henry Rushbury, said that modelling was once an honourable profession which often ran in families. One of the greatest of Academy models was a Suffolk labourer named Strowger whom John Constable persuaded to work in the Schools. Angelica

Kauffmann, it is said, was forced to dress as a boy in order to attend the Life Class, and this in spite of the fact that women have never been excluded from the Academy's affairs, a painter named Mary Moser being a founder-member. For all that, and for all the fact that the small, neat figure of Dame Laura Knight is rarely absent from the Academy's General Assemblies, Burlington House has a predominantly masculine atmosphere, even a certain raciness at what one might term the "saloon bar level." Painters have a flair for wine and invective, and for wearing their neckties with a difference. And they

contrive to combine a certain slangy ease with a distinct *hauteur*, which is both endearing and formidable. This of course is to be expected of any British institution with solid traditions. If Sir Charles Wheeler requested one to wait for him in the hall one would sit on the very same chair used by those who came to waste a little of Sir Thomas Lawrence's time. At dinner one's fork might prove to be the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Top: J. Fitton, R.A., uses his hands to talk to Vivian Pitchforth, R.A., who is deaf. Below: In the saloon the three new R.A.s, James Gunn, Norman Hepple and Christopher Sanders, talk to head porter Frank Hubbocks while waiting to be summoned into the General Assembly







*Examination of first-term students in the Sculpture School: from left, Arnold Machin, R.A., master of sculpture, Walter Woodington, R.A., the Schools' curator, and Peter Greenham, R.A., painting master*



*Lord Methuen, R.A., in the Sculpture School. Above right: Sir Charles Wheeler with Maurice Lambert, R.A., former master of sculpture, examining a small carving. Henry Rushbury, Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools since 1949, holds the list of candidates. Right: A cast in the School*



gift of Turner and one's silver plate a present from Fuseli. A few pictures and sculptures decorate the dining-room, though noticeably without fuss. They include Constable's superb *The Leaping Horse* and Michelangelo's priceless tondo of the Virgin and Child. These masterpieces as well as all the associative treasures the Academy has accumulated over the years are treated with the similar kind of affection that an enlightened peer might lavish on his ancestral collection.

The Academy's first home was in an auction room in Pall Mall, not far from the site of the United Service Club. This was in 1768. 1769 set the pace with a public display of 136 exhibits and the beginning of Sir Joshua's academic ideas, later to be incorporated in his famous *Discourse*, and preached to his already slightly testy colleagues in his good-tempered Devonshire House. A few years later there was a move to old Somerset House and then into Sir William Chambers's palatial new Somerset House. Here the enormous gallery 3 feet long, allowed late

Georgian London to indulge its mania for promenading in public rooms, as well for satisfying what was then almost a craze for looking at pictures.

Martin engraving of the 1787 Annual Exhibition shows a rather worried Sir Joshua guiding the plump and acquiescent Prinny through a small army of art-lovers and fashion-setters, while all round them vast banks of pictures rise up in all directions. To be skyed then meant exactly that; the painting was hoisted to such a dizzy height that it looked like a prophecy for a postage stamp.

The Academy's next move was to part of the National Gallery and the move to its present and perfect home was made in 1869. Shortly after this, settled at last and very much established, it began those special Winter Exhibitions which are now part of the cultural pattern of our national life. These exhibitions are beyond praise. They reveal an individual artist, a school of art or a national art in the round, as it were. After the last war, when the Royal pictures

were brought from their shelter, permission was given for them to be exhibited at Burlington House before they were taken back to their various positions in the Royal residences. The Exhibition turned out to be astounding, not only for the public, but to King George VI, who felt that he had never really seen his collection before it was gathered together in the unity of the Academy's galleries.

Among the most recent Associates it is perhaps the fretful 'mage of John Bratby which suggests change, progress or what you will to the popular public mind. His corrugating paint is entirely faithful to his conception of domestic reality, so faithful in fact that one longs to recommend the Bratbys a good daily.

L. S. Lowry is another Associate who has captured the public's imagination. He is now an unconscious historical painter, for the scuttling melancholy of his working-class street scenes, although they contain all the pathos of the anonymous existence, is no longer relative. One

feels that he took his last look at the outside world in 1929. Living alone for most of the year, amid many clocks, he is one of those artists thrown up so often in our culture whose originality is inseparable from his eccentricity.

Lord Methuen, R.A., looks like a Roman senator and uses paint with a quiet sumptuousness. Algernon Newton, R.A., still paints his airless landscapes and John Nash, R.A., has a purity of expression which enables him to paint the English countryside in a way in which few artists have been able to comprehend it since the great days of the Norwich School.

*Genre* pictures have always held their own at the Academy, though mercifully they will never triumph as they did in the 1880s, when every picture told a story. The most popular *genre* painters of the last twenty years have undoubtedly been Sir William Russell Flint and Dame Laura Knight. Both these artists are full-time escapists, of course. Hearts of gold in the Big Top and golden breasts in Andalusia—both are dreams, but dreams



Following the re-election of the President at the General Assembly of Academicians, the Keeper, Henry Rushbury, R.A., accepts a pinch of snuff from Sir Charles Wheeler. The snuff-box once belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Roll of Institution, signed by all new R.A.s, faces the President; the balloting box is on the right at the Secretary's elbow. Right: Informal dress is worn at the Academy Club's dinner; Rodney Burn, A.R.A., turned up in a dinner jacket by mistake. The picture behind him is Constable's *Leaping Horse*, Michelangelo's tondo is above the mantelpiece







DAY'S END with a dinner of the Academy Club to which all members may belong. Below: Who goes home? J. Aldridge, A.R.A., struggles into his overcoat at the stairhead



in the hands of experts, for Sir William is a staggeringly wonderful water-colourist and Dame Laura is far from unworthy of her master, Degas.

There are two further names which must be mentioned. One is Anne Redpath and the other is Carel Weight, whose work has a mysterious intellectual depth and poetic undertone seldom found in British painting.

Quo Vadis? Well there is one direction on which the Royal Academy's critics constructively agree, and that is the necessity for a return to the great tradition of British portrait painting. Something has happened to portraiture; the key to its real meaning has been lost. It is a situation which would have

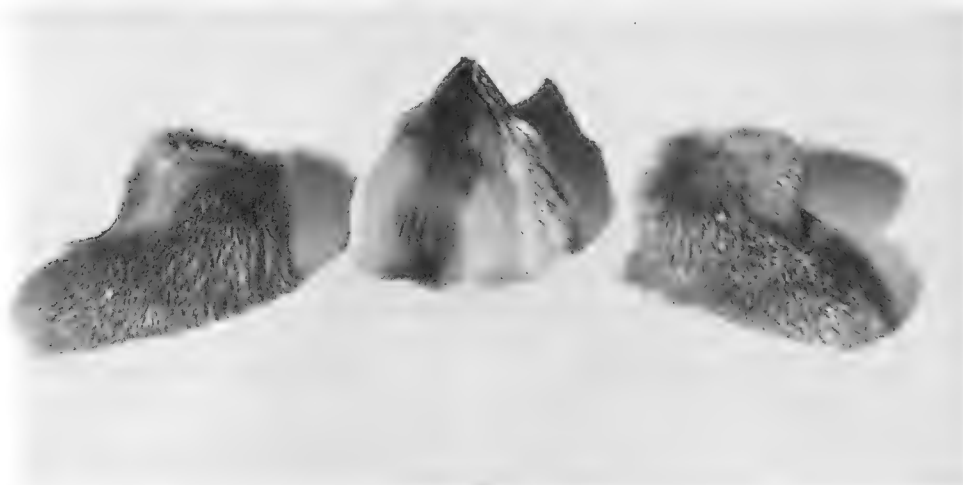
amazed Reynolds and Gainsborough, to whom face-painting was often no more than a chore. It is said that Kokoschka has the secret. If he has there should be no time wasted in learning it from him. There are good portrait painters at Burlington House; there are Robert Buhler, Ruskin Spear, Gerald Kelly, James Gunn, Peter Greenham and Allan Gwynne-Jones. And there was until a few weeks ago the legendary John. But the Royal portraits leave one uneasy. No painter should take breath until he can begin to do for Her Majesty what Zoffany did for Queen Charlotte. It is in this sphere that the Academy's brilliant classical lineage should be of the greatest help.

Compact with a secret opening has a mother-of-pearl lid set in filigree gilt. £13 (cigarette case to match, £11 10s.). At Halcyon Days, Brook Street



ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
**COUNTERSPY**  
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

## WINTER REVIVERS



red fox "acorn" hat and spats. To order  
parrots, 45 gns. complete, and can be made  
her furs



Streamlined dark brown calf handbag, outlined  
with stitching, lined with leather. 27½ gns., at  
Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street

White ceramic dolphins support shells to be filled  
with fruit or flowers. 5 gns. The fruits are 7s. 6d.  
each. All at Casa Pupo, Pimlico Road



Milk-white and Delft-blue patterned fireproof  
china by Porcelaine de Paris, just arrived at  
Marguerite d'Arcy, York Street. Breakfast sets,  
pie dishes, casseroles and kettles—and in the  
same pattern, plant pots and bathroom jars.  
Shown: Pie dish with funnel, £3 10s., cups and  
saucers, 30s. each, small kettle with leather  
stitched handle, £3 10s.





# A grandmother . . .

# ME!

At first there's incredulity, then rebellion maybe—but later on come blessings to be counted says Cecilie Leslie

THEY phoned to say my daughter had a son. I was very pleased indeed, but a moment later, reaction set in. It was one of protest. "A grandmother—ME!" I told myself there was nothing to worry about—after all, I was in the same boat as Vivien Leigh and Marlene Dietrich. Then I looked up grandmother in my Thesaurus and found it listed under "fool." Other synonyms included "Donkey, ninny, booby, gowk, dotard, old fogey and driveller." Well that may be the opinion of Mr. Roget, but how did other people regard grandmothers? How did I, myself, look on them in the days before I joined them? Not as fools certainly, but, possibly worse, as an "old sweetie" to whom one surrendered one's chair, but little else.

A composite picture of grannies I had known swam into my head and made me more depressed than ever—it was of a charming but timid old lady sitting in the back of a car and being driven out to visit relatives on a Sunday afternoon. So this, in due course, could be my lot.

Then I recalled conversations about other people's grannies which at the time wrung my heart. . . . What to do with Granny? Nobody wanted her around, and yet nobody felt comfortable with this ignoble sentiment. There was, consequently, a great deal of assuaging of conscience: all arrangements made for the disposal of Granny were said to be in her best interest. Granny was being popped into a Home because she preferred it—she liked other elderly ladies more than her own children and grandchildren . . . then there were the stairs of course . . . and anyway it wasn't like an old folks' home . . . more of a hotel.

But grannies were not born yesterday and are not taken in. I remember one chuckling at her relations' reaction whenever *The Wooden Dish* was produced on television (usually once a year, alternately by B.B.C. and ITV). This is a somewhat grisly American play about a horrid daughter-in-law who packs off grandfather to the

local Institution. Once the old man is out of the way she decides to throw away his wooden dish. But her daughter, who has been on Grandpa's side, won't have that. She's going to keep it, she says, and eyeing her mother adds, "You'll be old too one day."

After the viewing, according to my informant, telephone calls to the Home poured in from guilty relations, all wanting to know if Granny was happy.

Having now lived with the idea of grannyhood for several months, I have discovered that we grannies share something with babies. We are much tougher than people suspect. "The poor old dear" is extinct, if she ever existed. A granny is, at heart, 23, or whatever age she stuck at. (We all stick at certain ages: my husband is still 15, and my daughter of 23 has never been under 40.) This is quite a discovery. It forces a revision of one's attitude not only to other grannies, but to young people. All my life I have accepted the opinion held by everyone else, and played back in all media, advertisements, novels, plays, that the world is for the young. Joy, success, love, money, fast cars and pretty hats are the perks of youth. Youth knows it all, and should have it all. I only started to wonder about this after the American Presidential elections, when Mr. Kennedy talked about the "negativism" of elderly Mr. Eisenhower. Young Mr. Kennedy promised the world that he and others of his age would open new frontiers. A few weeks later the young President met his Cuba, and trotted off to seek advice of grandfather Eisenhower. I don't like to gloat, but I think Mr. Kennedy has revised his ideas about us grandparents.

I am also discovering that there are special advantages in becoming a grandmother. This may sound like making the best of a bad job, but for the first time in my life I find I can have my cake and eat it too.

Take the Baby. I am enjoying my grandson's babyhood in a way that a sense of responsibility, anxiety, sleepless nights, ignorance, prevented me from doing with my own children. I can cuddle this one and not wonder what Freud would say. I can sleep of nights. If he wakes I need not get up, someone else will. For a treat my daughter lets me bath him, as, in the old days, Nanny let me bath her, on Sundays. Though I would not have admitted it at the time, this privilege scared me stiff. But not any more. I can't think why this should be,

except that the boneless vulnerability of my grandson is less off-putting than that of my own babies. Perhaps also this is because of the mysterious *rapprochement* existing between grannies and grandchildren. I am quite certain that already my grandson is in league with me against the world.

Then take life's business of always doing not what you'd prefer, but what other people dictate. Now I am discovering independence. I can eat what I fancy, behave as I like and wear pretty well what I please provided I make it clear I am a grandmother—the point being that if a grandmother refuses to conform she is merely considered eccentric, and rather admired for it. Among the grannies I have recently met one is the shape of a cottage loaf, and is adored for it. Another wears her husband's discarded shoes (she finds them so comfortable) and her grandchildren boast about it. Grandmothers win both ways. If they decide to conform, to battle on, dyeing their hair blue, wearing straight skirts and irresistible shoes, people say, "She's wonderful." If, however, a grandmother decides to relax, spread, wear hair nets and baggy skirts, people find her adorably cosy. This, I'm sure, is because grandmotherhood alters one's status. It is like being elevated to the Upper House, and as everyone is relieved when an active M.P. accepts a peerage and gets out of the way, so people seem grateful when one becomes a granny. They relax. For grannies are out of the rat race. And as a granny cannot be a rival, nobody resents her any more.

This delightful state of affairs should be encouraged and stabilized as quickly as possible so my advice to all grandmothers is: accept your new status gratefully. Do not, as I admit I did at first, ring up friends and say, "My dear, I'm a grandmother! Isn't it ridiculous!" Nice friends will say, "A Gran—you! Impossible!" though that's not what they are really thinking. Much better to face the fact boldly and when someone shouts "Gran!" don't look round for an elderly woman, but smile, wave and call back, "Gran! That's me!"

*The blizzards that brought in the New Year also delayed mails from Killegar where Lord Kilbracken spent the Christmas holiday. His column will be resumed next week.*



Wall Street's term  
for a financial perk.  
Suggested here in

terms of fashion  
for a new year boost  
to last year's  
clothes cupboard.

# FRINGE BENEFITS

BENEFITS: ELIZABETH DICKSON      PICTURES: JOHN COLE

Infringement of rules: basic dress and jacket, delightfully cluttered with Havana brown fringe. Frank Usher at Selfridges, 13½ gns.





**Fringe cooler:**  
curry linen resort dress.  
Fredrica at Harrods,  
about £5



Suede with the fringe on top: cool  
Black number, shortly  
at Young Jaeger: 33 gns.





Twist fringe: nightlife special,  
all in suede. Paul  
Blanche at  
Harrods, 27 gns.  
Gold chain:  
Paris House




Within the social fringe: party silk  
with tasselled top and full skirt.  
Polly Peck shortly at Liberty, 9 gns.  
Rhinestone sparklers: Paris House





Fringed check: wool princess coat  
over simple dress, buttons  
and fringe in white.

By Estrava, with school  
cap and scarf, 15½ gns.,  
Dickins & Jones



Feathered for fun: sooty silk chiffon feathered  
with ostrich.

North Wholesale at  
Miami, 41 gns.

ligree necklace,  
Paris House





Grip fringe: clip-on scarf in tweed knit  
with forest green sweater. Together  
by Chicknit, Fenwicks, 69s. 6d.

## \* PROVINCIAL STOCKISTS

- P. 91 Frank Usher dress and jacket at Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Gerald Stuart, Manchester.  
P. 92 Fredrica curry-coloured linen at J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead.  
P. 93 Young Jaeger dress shortly at Regent Street and Sloane Street branches.  
P. 94 Paul Blanché fringed suède at John Sanders, Ealing; Kendal Milne, Manchester.

- P. 95 Polly Peck available beginning of February at Samuels, Manchester, Dingles, Plymouth.  
P. 96 Estrava dress, coat and cap at Joshua Taylor, Cambridge.  
P. 97 Worth Wholesale ostrich-trimmed dress at Miss Stewart, Harrogate, Lotinga, Norwich.  
P. 98 Chicknit jersey and scarf at J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Balcraft, Weybridge.

# YES?

VERDICTS

## PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

### *Been up in your attic lately?*

MR. MAX FRISCH IS A SWISS WRITER WHOSE LOVE IS TO FRIGHTEN AND entertain us with plays that carry to extremes habits of mind that we can recognize as our own. He notices, for instance, that we are all caught little by little of falling in with the idea of what other people are pleased to think we are. So in *Andorra* he shows how a man who is not a Jew can be induced to conform so completely to the world's idea of a Jew that he cannot in the end be anything else. *Graf Öderland* is another play which twitches this preoccupation with personality the other way round. Here the hero gets tired of being what the world takes him for, breaks the image by an act of violence and is left to choose whether he shall go on passing for a quiet, respectable lawyer or assume the personality of a spectacular, unrepentant murderer. Frisch is singularly adept at informing his theories of personality with a theatrical force that is at once amusing and menacing.

*Fire Raisers*, the Royal Court's latest production, has had much success in Europe, and it is easy to understand why. It has a theme that is simpler and more universal than either of its successors—that catastrophes have small beginnings and perhaps need not happen because of a man's incurably optimistic belief that he at least may gain some personal advantage by appeasing the maniacs who threaten (and, incredibly, of course) to bring them about. The Everyman of the piece is a hard businessman who at home with his excellent cigars and

wines, his worshipping wife and trim, efficient maidservant, carefully excludes all business worries. It is because he is at home that he curtly refuses help to a business colleague who is so hard pressed that he puts his head in a gas oven. Naturally he resents the appearance of an ape-like creature who smirkingly assumes that since he is hungry an obviously prosperous citizen will be glad to feed him. Biedermann tells him to be off about his business, but with an amiable smile the ape-like creature flexes his muscles and the indignant householder suddenly remembers that it might be safer if he used his acquired knowledge of how to handle men. He feeds the brute and waits for him to go. But it soon appears that the brute has nowhere to go. Something tells Biedermann that rather than anger such a strong beast he could give him a shake down in the attic. He is a master of *faux-bonhomie*, and he puts a smiling face on obvious necessity, throwing in a cigar for good measure.

Soon the permanent guest is joined by another, an out-of-work waiter with bogus good manners as fake as his host's *bonhomie*, and together they proceed systematically to fill the attic with petrol drums and rolls of fuse. Biedermann is startled by these drums. Can it be, he inquires, that they are some of the arsonists of whom the whole city goes in dread? Yes, they tell him blandly, that is just what they are. Biedermann is not to be deceived by such effrontery. Has he not a sense of humour, and is it not his sense of humour which tells him they must be joking. They let him have his way and he continues to placate and humour them with desperate optimism. The parlourmaid lacks his famous sense of humour and is sharply rebuked for her literal-mindedness. The maniacs methodically at work upstairs have now become his honoured guests. Biedermann throws an elaborate party for them. If they are arsonists, which he will not believe, they must be disarmed by more and more hospitality, and if they are joking, as he insists they are, well—he can joke with the next man. His guests want only one thing, matches. Eventually Biedermann hands them over as a last gesture of trust, and he and his wife and his maidservant and the whole town, too, are blown sky-high.

Mr. Lindsay Anderson directs with imaginative expertness, and there are three superbly orchestrated performances by Mr. Alfred Marks as the egregious Biedermann, Mr. Colin Blakely as the circus strong man, and Mr. James Booth as the insinuating ex-waiter whose business it is to frighten us with the nightmare spectacle of a monomaniac systematically at work without a trace of mental misgiving. It is all capitally entertaining and alarming.



The wife sits silent (Doris Hare) as her husband (Alfred Marks) clowns with his sinister guests (James Booth & Colin Blakely) in *The Fire Raisers*





Apple Annie (Bette Davis) and her husband for a day (Thomas Mitchell) head the welcome to their distinguished civic guests in *Pocketful Of Miracles*.

## FILMS *Elspeth Grant*

**Pocketful Of Miracles.** Director Frank Capra. (Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, Hope Lange, Thomas Mitchell.)

**On The Waterfront.** Director Elia Kazan. (Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Rod Steiger, Eva Marie Saint.)

**Babes In Toyland.** Director Jack Donohue. (Ray Bolger, Ed Wynn, Tommy Sands, Annette.)

**Cinderella.** Raisa Struchkova, Gennadi Ledyakh and the Bolshoi Ballet.

**The Doctor In The Village.** Director Fons Rademakers. (Max Croiset, Mary Dresselhuys, Bernhard Droog, Jan Teulings.)

**Twist Around The Clock.** Director Oscar Rudolph. (Chubby Checker, Dion, Vicki Spencer.)

### *Forward the syrup-lovers*

BACK IN THE 1930S, WHEN WE WERE ALL A LITTLE MORE STARRY-EYED and ready to believe in the essential goodness and even the happy future of the human race, we lapped up the films of Mr. Frank Capra: *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*—remember? Jolly soothing they were—just what we needed to take our minds off the recent Wall Street crash and the threat of war in Europe. “Sweet Capra-corn” some called them—and you’ll understand why when you see **Pocketful Of Miracles**, Mr. Capra’s re-make of *Lady For A Day*, the film with which he scored his first big success in 1933. Based on one of Mr. Damon Runyon’s cosiest yarns and set in his own particular fairyland—an underworld populated by good-natured gangsters, big-hearted broads, well-meaning witches and sentimental slobs—it is as saccharin and as corny as they come. Due to the current unholy craze for long films, Mr. Capra has had to pad out the slender story to fill two and a quarter hours of screen time—and this has more than somewhat slowed the picture down. On the whole, though, it’s clear that Mr. Capra’s hand has not lost its cunning: what must have happened is that I lost my sweet tooth somewhere along the line.

Mr. Glenn Ford gives a fine, bouncy performance as the superstitious bootlegger who believes the apples he buys from a boozy old hawker called Apple Annie (Miss Bette Davis) bring him luck. On a day when luck is what he most needs, Annie is missing from her pitch. Mr. Ford and his crisp girl-friend, Miss Hope Lange, track her down to her frowsy lodgings—and find her tearing her wire-wool hair and shedding tears of pure gin over a photograph of her daughter, whom she hasn’t seen since she packed her off to Spain as a baby, donkey’s years ago. By correspondence, Annie has represented herself to her child as a rich socialite—and now the girl has become engaged to the son of a Spanish count and is heading for New York with him and his noble Pa to introduce them to her Mum, and the thought of what

will happen when they learn the sorry truth about her is driving Annie suicidal. Mr. Ford sees that, if his supply of lucky apples is to continue, he will have to play fairy godmother.

Hey presto! Annie is installed in a luxury penthouse, transformed into an elegant old lady of regal mien, and provided with a suitable “husband”—Mr. Thomas Mitchell, an elderly pool-room hustler, bursting with culture—and a perfect butler (dear Mr. Edward Everett Horton). When the guests arrive, contretemps follows upon contretemps—but Mr. Ford copes so splendidly that in the end Annie is acting as hostess to the Chief of Police, the Mayor and the real live Governor of New York (all purring with self-satisfaction at doing a good deed for once), and everybody lives happily ever after. If you like your movies syrupy, this one is for you.

The revival of Mr. Elia Kazan’s powerful (and, to me, rather repellent) drama of New York’s lethal dockland racketeers and their victims, **On The Waterfront**, should be seen—if only to prove that when we first saw Mr. Marlon Brando we had every reason to hail him as a remarkable actor. As the slow-witted but basically decent ex-boxer whose elder brother (Mr. Rod Steiger) has involved him in the dirty games played by the dockland bosses, Mr. Brando gives a really superb and moving performance. I had forgotten that he ever had any animation or could smile: perhaps you’d forgotten, too—he certainly seems to have done. He used to be able to illuminate a character from within: now he seems content to present us with nothing more than a glum exterior. But in 1954, believe me, he was great.

Mr. Walt Disney’s **Babes In Toyland** is his first musical with live actors—and, though it is bright in a ruthlessly efficient sort of way, I don’t care if it’s his last. The best thing in it is a rousing battle in which the human villain (Mr. Ray Bolger) is boldly attacked by hordes of mechanized toys. One sequence, in which the trees of the sinisterly named Forest of No Return come to life, may scare your little ones for a moment—but you can instantly reassure them: the trees are really very friendly, as it transpires—and I wish I felt the same.

The Russian ballet film, **Cinderella**, is a thing of beauty, a joy, a gem. The old familiar fairytale takes on a new enchantment as here presented—with great imagination and delightful humour—to the music of Prokofiev. The ballet company and the orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre are both superb—with the young ballerina, Raisa Struchkova, a thistledown girl if ever there was one, giving an outstandingly exquisite performance in the title role.

Mr. Fons Rademakers’s strange film, **The Doctor In The Village**, makes me feel that this interesting Dutch director has come under what I regard as the baleful influence of that gloomy Swede, Herr Ingmar Bergman. What with a mysterious suicide, a weird wake, a fearful vow that will lead to tragedy, to say nothing of the village doctor burying his beloved wife in the back garden because he cannot

bear to be parted from her, I found it a mite creepy. A touch of irony just redeems it from the macabre—and the acting is excellent.

An old ballad instructs me "If you can't say nuffink good about yer Muvver, don't say nuffink at all." I propose to be unusually kind and assume that this admirable precept can also hold good for a film—which is the reason why you won't get a word out of me about *Twist Around The Clock*.

## RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

**Genius + Soul = Jazz**, by Ray Charles.

**Crazy! Baby**, by Jimmy Smith.

**Groovin' Blue**, by Curtis Amy.

**Yeah!** by Charlie Rouse.

**Juanita Hall Sings Bessie Smith.**

**Grand Order Of Water Rats.**

### *Soul session*

RAY CHARLES'S NEW ALBUM PROUDLY PROCLAIMS "GENIUS+SOUL=JAZZ" (CS01384). Apart from two vocal tracks, it features Charles the organist, beating out some fairly conventional music with the high-pressure backing of a big band and two top arrangers. The style known as "soul," which derived from a much more definitive and equally abused expression, "funk," seems to embrace anything that is not half a block ahead in the race to be modern. Ray's contribution is no different from a host of others in that he applies himself with some fervour to the task of extracting rhythm from the electronic organ.

I do not believe that this is such an impossible task, as has been proved in the past by people like Basie, Shirley Scott, and that popular organist, Jimmy Smith. He whips up far more excitement in his session for Blue Note (BLP4030) than that genius Ray Charles could achieve in a month of Sundays. The title of this album, **Crazy! baby**, seems to be synonymous with the sleeve picture of an elegant model driving beside an even more elegant sports car. On the strength of Jimmy's performance there seem to be grounds for recognizing the organ as a limited but occasionally highly expressive instrument of jazz.

smooth and lyrical tenor player, Curtis Amy, has already proved to me that he is a swinger with the right ingredients of soul. Now his latest album, **Groovin' blue** (LAE12287), expounds his merits as a composer, especially in a fine ballad called *Beautiful you*. The tenor saxophone of Charlie Rouse is equally exciting, but in less funky mood: for a modernist he has a remarkably smooth and unstrident tone, as his latest release **Yeah!** (TFL5157) shows. I suppose this quiet, undemonstrative music is unlikely to attract much attention when there is so much of the gushing variety on the market today.

Juanita Hall is a new name among the over-filled ranks of jazz singers, but she may be more familiar to movie-goers who saw her

performance as "Bloody Mary" in *South Pacific*. On her Storyville LP (SLP113) she proves her outstanding talent as a blues singer by taking the material made famous by Bessie Smith, and refurbishing it in a way that contributes materially to the annals of blues singing. The accompaniment, led by veteran pianist Claude Hopkins, includes much of the timeless sort of music played by men like Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, and Doc Cheatham, an expressive trumpeter who is backed by tremendous experience. I have heard few blues performances to equal Miss Hall's since the death of Billie Holiday.

Jazz fans are seldom placed in a position where they can directly support any well known charity. However, the Grand Order of Water Rats will benefit from an album issued through the good agency of Ember Records (EMB3335), which could sensibly be regarded as a potted introduction to jazz. Names like Bechet, Dorsey, Ellington, Garner, Miller, Shaw, and Vaughan are among the stars you can hear, each one featured in a full length track with his or her group. The presentation should be of considerable interest to many would-be collectors who for one reason or another fight shy of embarking on a whole album by any particular artist.

## BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

**New Penguins and Peregrines.**

**Golden Decade**, by Lawrence & Elizabeth Hanson (Secker & Warburg, 30s.).

**Ballet Here & Now**, ed. Susan Lester (Dobson, 21s.).

**The Gold-Hatted Lover**, by Edmund Keeley (Faber, 18s.).

**The Story Of England**, Vol. 1, by Arthur Bryant (Collins, 42s.).

**In Honour Bound**, by Nina Bawden (Longmans, 16s.).

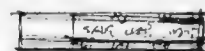
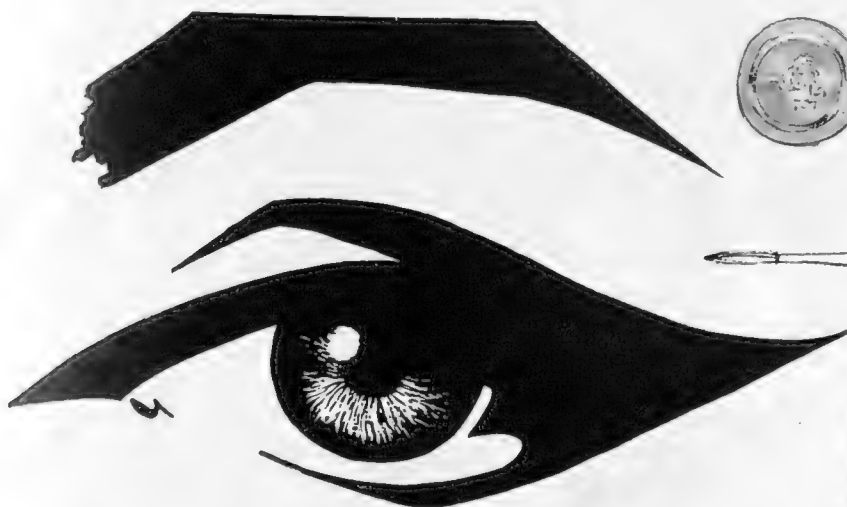
**Gilbert Harding By His Friends** (Deutsch, 15s.).

**The Fantastic Brother**, by René Guilloit (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

**The Story Of Thomas More**, by Margaret Stanley-Wrench (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

### *Nest egg of Peregrines*

A SPLENDID NEW LINE OF BOOKS FOR THE NEW YEAR, CHEAP, GOOD TO look at, paperbacked, something to read and keep rather than unload hastily on the next friend who calls with a look of influenza in the eye—it sounds like a reviewer's dream of home in unhaleyon days far from spring: in fact the books are brother-Penguins, a sharp, keen-eyed new lot very suitably named Peregrines, and they are my delight. The present bunch, in which top price is half a guinea, includes Maurois' **Quest for Proust**, Camus' **The Rebel** (a book I find excessively difficult, but I quite see the point of paperbacking it), Empson's 31-year-old classic, **Seven Types of Ambiguity**, Basil Willey's charming **The Seventeenth Century Background**, and Leavis's cool, not to say icy and tremendously fierce, critical essays, **The Common Pursuit**. Peregrines look solid yet elegant, and are designed in a way that makes them very easy to read. The only thing that faintly puzzles me about them is that



### **Ombre-Mat**

eye make-up from Paris. Brings eyes to life, fascinating, compelling or deliberately devastating, to match your mood. OMBRE-MAT COMPRESSED EYE SHADOW, spangled or matt, will not



wrinkle, in 6 shades to harmonise with iridescent EYE SHADOW STICK, soft, dewy for day or evenings. Emphasise with LIQUID EYE LINER, 7 plain or iridescent colours. Will not run or smudge. Ombre-Mat to complete your eye make-up.

# LANCÔME

Salon: 14 Grosvenor St., London, W.1. Mayfair 4621



they are described as "egghead" Penguins, as if such birds haven't existed, and in quantity, already.

Ordinary trad Penguins include, this month, some Simenons, some admirable first novels (Robert Shaw's *The Hiding Place*, Thomas Hinde's *Mr. Nicholas*, John Harvey's alarmingly good account of a love affair, *Within & Without*, told uncompromisingly from the man's point of view), Pushkin short stories, facts about ancient Egypt, and Russian verse, much of which is passionate and blackly thunderous and just what one always hoped ("Where shall I go? To whom shall I bring my blood-red mouth? To whom shall I say 'dearie' today? By whose bed shall I throw off my bootees and tug at a press-button on my breast?") To which one can only reply that one is glad such questions have been asked. And frivolity apart, the book is fascinating.) There is also *Cider With Rosie*, Laurie Lee's childhood told with an amount of charm that in any other writer would be impermissible; with the original John Ward drawings, and a faintly sultry picture of the old Chief Caption Writer for the Festival of Britain himself (accept no substitutes). A good month for the birds, the clever agreeable darlings.

Lawrence & Elizabeth Hanson's *Golden Decade* is called "The Story Of Impressionism," but seemed to me more an amusing account of who sold what picture, who went broke, who was rejected by the Salon, who was in favour with Berthe Morisot. . . . *Ballet Here & Now*, edited by Susan Lester, is a welcome and frankly astonishing change from the run of ballet books, most of which say hurray for this lovely exquisite thing, accompanied by many a picture of glittering thighs and baleful eyebrows edged with sequins. This one takes the form of a fairly acrimonious little debate between Clive Barnes, A. V. Coton and Frank Jackson, during which some edgy things are said about the Royal Ballet and other sacred objects. *The Gold-Hatted Lover*, by Edmund Keeley, is what seems to me a truly witty, sardonic, elegant little novel about young Americans against a Greek background, and in particular about a violent but unconcluded love affair involving a young American woman of impeccable laundry, confused thoughts and desperate dialogue. *The Story Of England*, by Arthur Bryant, is a new, a very handsome edition of Volume 1—"Makers of the Realm"—of a history that will be carried further with the coming publication of the sequel, "The Island Kingdoms." This volume has a great many enchanting illustrations of astrolabes, centaurs and dragons, white chalk horses, Christs in stone, metal, ivory, wild piglets from calendars, stone crosses, St. Matthew from Kells and a galloping Latin gentleman from the Aeneid in a Somerset mosaic. An engaging book which it is absolutely impossible to resist.

Nina Bawden's *In Honour Bound* is a rather nice, honest-sounding novel about a girl who marries a rich and privileged minor cad; I regretted the odd touches of melodrama, but liked the general tone of voice and the accuracy of the girl's determined, faintly pig-headed nature. *Gilbert Harding By His Friends* is a fairly pious and devoted symposium that finally convinced me Mr. Harding was a talented, complicated man who does not quite respond in the best possible way to a posthumous investigation which in the end has to be reverent and a little pompous, no matter how hard it attempts truth.

For children, I've enjoyed a quite extraordinary book by René Guillot called *The Fantastic Brother* which is about a girl believed to be her own non-existent twin brother, a count who is 100 years old, and a journey into Africa. The time is in the France of Louis XIV, there are hunts and a wild adventure at sea, and though I am far from certain whether or not the whole thing is intended to have a deeper meaning than that of the immediate—and none too simple—plot, I nevertheless enjoyed it more than any other children's novel of its kind I've read during the year. (All right, there hasn't been another of its kind, and I am deeply unsure what kind this is anyway.) And though *The Story Of Thomas More* by Margaret Stanley-Wrench doesn't soar and sparkle as any book about this most entrancing of men should, anyway it exists, and almost any book which tells children something about More is a good idea and to be encouraged.

And if anyone guesses I am practically parched for want of a brand-new masterpiece, even quite a small one, with which to begin the New Year, they are entirely, brutally, depressingly right.

## GALLERIES *Robert Wraight*

La Nueva Pintura De Espana II. Tooth's Gallery.

### *Surprises from Spain*

LAST WEEK LONDON EXPERIENCED A NEW SPANISH INVASION. WITHIN space of three days three exhibitions of modern Spanish art opened here. First in the field was Tooth's *La Nueva Pintura De Espana II*. Then, together, came Marlborough Fine Arts' *Contemporary Spanish Painting & Sculpture* and the Tate Gallery show *Modern Spanish Painting*, an "official" affair organized by the Directorate General of Cultural Relations, Madrid, in collaboration with the Arts Council. So far I have been able to see only the first of the three but, after a glance at the catalogues of the other two, it seems clear that most visitors to these shows will get a surprise. Few, even of those to whom the work of such internationally renowned painters as Antonio Tapiés and Modesto Cuixart is already familiar, can have realized the extent to which (if these exhibitions are anything like representative) the abstract movement dominates Spanish painting today.

After Franco came to power in the country the tendency was towards naturalism and romanticism in painting. There were, indeed, certain forces at work that would have dragged Spanish art down to that same, banal level to which Hitlerism reduced painting and sculpture in Germany. Fortunately these forces were far less powerful than their German counterparts and by 1948, with the formation in Barcelona of the *Dau al Set* group—Tapiés, Cuixart, Ponce and Tharrats—there was laid the basis for a new Spanish painting that could take its place alongside the contemporary movements of other countries. It is significant that the first move in this art revolution came from Barcelona. Not until nine years later was a corresponding group, *El Paso*, formed in Madrid. Its founder members included Saura, Millares and Feito, three of the six artists now showing at Tooth's.

Thirty-two year old Luis Feito, who became professor of painting at San Fernando School of Art when he was 25, paints brilliantly controlled volcanic explosions, bursts of burning red on black backgrounds. Manolo Millares, a native of the Canaries, has a penchant for curious materials—white lime, black smoke and torn sackcloth. Antonio Saura is an expressionist, working mainly in black and grey and walking a tightrope between abstraction and a rudimentary figuration from which he falls sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

The other three artists are Lago, Lucio (Munoz) and Victoria. The first of these has a strong affinity with late-Turner. There is a romantic element in his paintings—all of them, though "abstracted," evoking landscape imagery—that sets them apart from the work of all the others. Lucio has something in common with the Persian artist Rezvani, of whom I wrote recently. Both are wood-chippers. But Lucio does not char his chipwood panels, he stains them to produce mysterious landscapes in subtle, muted colours.

In spite of the great variety of their styles all six artists, even Victoria, who lives and works in Paris and has obviously been influenced not only by French abstract painting but also by American action painting, are united by some common denominator in their work. To say that this unifying quality is the Spanish spirit is to state the obvious. But what is the Spanish spirit? These words of Juan Eduardo Cirlot, one of the writer-founders of the *Dau al Set* group may help towards an understanding of it: "... the Spanish are defined by something fundamental in their character, by scorn for what might seem to be 'precious,' for their harmony and for the effect of the harshness of their natural surroundings." Or again: "The Spanish spirit devotes itself to the dramatic, to a piercing synthesis of reality and the metaphysical, in a zone of continual spiritual conflict."

"Fundamental," "scorn," "harmony," "harshness," "dramatic," "piercing," "conflict"—all these words must be pressed into service to give a picture of contemporary abstract painting in Spain.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE BOWN

# HOUNDS AT A HOSPITAL



ON the second coldest Boxing Day this century, with the ground in most parts of the country too hard for hunting, the Hampshire Hunt kept its annual appointment at the Lord Mayor Treloar Ortho-

paedic Hospital in Alton. After meeting at "The Butts," the joint-Master, Mr. H. K. Goschen, took hounds on to visit the young patients, whose beds had been wheeled out on to the veranda. Hounds were everywhere, and

so were dirty paw-marks—Matron Ida McQueen and her nursing staff had relaxed hospital discipline for the day. The grown-ups got terribly cold—but the children had a wonderful time



HOUNDS AT A HOSPITAL *continued*

For children delight, f



*Matron Miss Ida McQueen with the Hampshire's joint-Master Mr. H. K. Goschen*



hounds, a clear run—and for supporters a stirrup cup





Barry Warner

## IMPULSE BUYING

### ● FIRST STOP: Woollands whose beauty counters are piled high.

If you can't resist the smell of Antilope, Weil are offering a bottle of scent plus a pretty antelope head pin designed by Van Cleef & Arpels in gilt (99s. 6d. for the pair).

If you like to pick up pretty things like a magpie, Woollands have many pretty compacts—the one in the picture is like a gilt lighter. If you pounce on the new and pretty, Piguet have covered a scent spray in dashing silk, filled it with their impulsive mixture—Baghari.

### ● SECOND STOP: the John Cavanagh Boutique in Curzon Street.

If you fall for a new scent, packed prettily; Cara is made from Polynesian flowers, jasmin & rose de mai, sandalwood. One ounce costs £4 9s. 6d. The purse size pictured costs 30s.

If you want to please a man, give him Cavanagh's new foresty cologne for men with its mixture of evergreen, mandarin and lime. £1 19s. 6d.

### ● THIRD STOP: Ingrams at 4 Shepherd Street, W.1.

If your hearing is imperfect Ingrams have one of the smallest aids in the world, made by Otariion for 60 gns. They act as consultants and

give an impartial expert opinion with no bias towards the expensive. In the photograph is the newest way to carry contact lenses or aids in a tiny pill box. The square one houses contact lens (35 gns.), the oval shape keeps a hearing aid safe (28 gns.). Aids now have no need tortuous impersonations as earrings or slides—they are small enough to be hidden in the ear or even sit in the bridge part of spectacles.

● FOURTH STOP: the 61 Shop in Park Lane who have unsuspected for the beauty shopper. In their Nina Ricci Boutique is a range of perfumes, scents, Capricci tale in a dazzling white drum.

If you like to concentrate glitter in the hair, the new collection Hattie Carnegie jewellery here includes three pretty combs to spike evening hairdo. The two photographed above cost 6 gns., and £3 10s.

### ● FIFTH STOP: any Elizabeth Arden counter in February.

If you have a sharp eye for a bargain, Arden are packing four of the famous products in a cylinder for 25s. The Trio plus offer contains three of Orange Skin Food, Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic and a give-away tube of Veiled Radiance.



# MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

## Nights on the road

NOW IS THE SEASON OF LONG NIGHTS AND LATE HOURS; WHEN IT IS tempting to keep the heater going full blast and all too easy to fall asleep at the wheel. Rally drivers know all about it. Many of the professionals take pills to counter the effects of days and nights without sleep, but rally organizers now make the non-stop stages longer and tougher to compensate. Ordinary drivers are increasingly affected now that night driving has become the rule for those who have a long way to go. Extreme tiredness can produce some startling hallucinations. I have seen people who didn't exist and swerved to avoid vehicles that weren't there. The limited vision afforded by the headlamps seems to exert a hypnotic effect after a time. The field of vision is gradually reduced until one can see nothing but a small circle of road immediately in front of the car. Fortunately my speed has always dropped with the decline in vision when it has happened to me, and by the time it became dangerous the car was practically at a standstill. However, it does not always work out so neatly. Recently France's champion cyclist, Louison Bobet, was seriously injured when being driven back from Belgium to France by his brother during the night. The car ran off the road and hit a rock head on. The brother, who was thrown clean through the windscreen, denied that he had fallen asleep at the wheel, but admitted that he had previously stopped for a while because he was tired and spoke of a great "black hole" in front of him. This sounds very like the "tunnel vision" which develops when one is very tired.

Familiarity leads rally drivers to treat these problems rather lightly. There is a story about a driver who fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident. Some time afterwards he came slowly and painfully back to consciousness to find himself in a quiet white room where a priest was intoning prayers by the light of candles. Horrified, he sat up exclaiming, "My God, I'm dead!" At least night drowsiness usually gives fair warning and it can be kept at bay by ensuring a flow of cool fresh air to the face. On a very few cars this can be done while maintaining a flow of warm air to the feet. But best of all is a full air conditioning system such as that fitted to order on a Rolls-Royce or a Bentley.

More dangerous to my mind is the sudden lapse into sleep that can happen in broad daylight. It may come after long hours of work or about half an hour after lunch. One can be driving quite normally in difficult traffic or on tricky roads that require concentration; then comes a stretch of easy road with light traffic. In minutes one is drowsy and seconds later one can go right out, with the car travelling at full speed. It can develop with alarming suddenness on turning on to a motorway after hours of driving on ordinary roads, and I was rather surprised to see the Chief Constable of Northamptonshire quoted recently as saying that falling asleep at the wheel on M1, far from being regarded as an excuse, will usually bring a charge of driving without due care and attention and quite likely of dangerous driving. He said: "It takes only just over an hour from one end of the motorway to the other in a fast car; in a slower one it need not take more than an hour and a half. To fall asleep in that distance and regard it as an excuse, is quite irresponsible."

Now the Chief Constable is better known to most motorists as John Gott, one of Britain's top rally drivers and until recently captain of the B.M.C. team. He has vast experience, but it sounds to me as if he may be underestimating the problems of the driver stricken by sudden drowsiness on M1. What can one do? Pull off on to the verge and have a sleep? Forbidden. Stop and go for a short walk? Forbidden. Stop and change drivers? Forbidden. You must risk prosecution, or struggle on many miles to the next intersection or service area, with the risk of killing yourself and other people on the way. I have already had one bitter letter from a father whose daughter tried to keep going to the next permitted stopping place but crashed on the way. We need more lay-bys on our motorways.

However, there is a standby for London car owners who find themselves too tired to drive home, for those who feel they may have celebrated too well at a party, or even those who are fed up trying to cope

with the confusing and inconsistent rules which complicate the simple business of putting sixpence in a parking meter.

It is a service called Car Pilots started by Tom Brooke-Smith who was until recently one of Britain's top test pilots and did the experimental flying on the Short S.C.1 vertical take-off aircraft. His team of uniformed chauffeurs and chauffeuses, all members of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, travel in radio-controlled vehicles and a telephone call to Park 3561 brings one of them to the rescue day or night. From 11 p.m. a Car Pilot will drive you home in your own car, put it away in the garage and hand over the key, for 40s. upwards, depending on distance. During the day, they meet people at shops, restaurants, theatres or offices, take the car away and bring it back at a specified time for 25s. They will take the children to school or meet trains at main line stations. Now that parking charges at London Airport rise as high as £2 a day, air travel is beset with new problems, but Car Pilots have the answer. They will drive you to the airport, take the car home and meet you with it when you get back. If after enjoying such carefree motoring you can no longer face the ordeal of driving yourself in London, a liveried Car Pilot can be hired for 15s. an hour, 2½ gns. a half day or 4½ gns. a day.



Rally drivers know all about the dangers of falling asleep at the wheel. In road conditions like those pictured above every ounce of alertness is needed, day or night, if accidents are to be avoided

# Engagements



Tom Hustler

**Miss Sally Ducker to Mr. Michael Syson:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. Noel Ducker, of Little Stoke, Oxfordshire, and of Mrs. N. Ducker, of Mill Cottage, Whitechurch-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. *He* is the son of Rear Admiral and Mrs. John Luxmore Syson, of Marnhull, Dorset

**Countess Anne de Chauvigny de Blot to Mr. Charles Connell:** *She* is the daughter of Comte Jacques de Chauvigny de Blot and of Mme. Daniel Courtois, of rue Alfred Dehodeneq, Paris. *He* is the son of Sir Charles & Lady Connell, of Craigallian, Milngavie, Dunbarton

# Weddings

**Hunter—Glyn:** Carolyn, daughter of Mr. Antony Hunter, of Victoria Road, W.8, and of Mrs. Andrew Lusk, of Albion Gate, W.2, was married to Christopher Richard Glyn, son of Major & Mrs. John Glyn, of Attington Stud, Tetsworth, Oxon, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Lenare

**Miss Mary-Luise Williams to Mr. Geoffrey Knollys:** *She* is the daughter of the late Surgeon-Cdr. E. R. P. Williams and of Mrs. Williams, of Ovington Court, S.W.3. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. E. Knollys, of Greys, Manor Road, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon



**Miss Victoria Zara Vaughan to Mr. Michael Peter Wiggin:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, of Old Westfield Farm, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire. *He* is the son of Lieutenant Colonel & Mrs. Peter Wiggin, of Ashe House, Overton, Basingstoke, Hampshire



A. V. Swaebé

# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. P. J. L. Jenkins and  
Miss C. W. Devitt**

The engagement is announced between Peter John Laidlaw Jenkins, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jenkins, of Pages, Shalford, Essex, and Carola Waveney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howson Devitt, of Alresford Grange, Colchester, Essex.

**Mr. N. M. F. Smith and  
Miss C. M. Gates**

The engagement is announced between Nicholas Maitland Falcon, son of the late Maitland Smith and Mrs. Smith, of 61 Eastgate Street, Bury St. Edmunds, and Caroline Mary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gates, of Spindle Berry, Westerfield, near Ipswich.

**Mr. P. J. Saunders, R.M., and  
Miss P. J. How**

The engagement is announced between Patrick James, son of Brig. and Mrs. F. L. Saunders, of Little Orchard, St. Helens, I.O.W., and Penelope Jane, only daughter of Mr. R. W. How, of Charlton Court, Steyning, and of the late Mrs. Jean.

**Mr. D. J. Brown and  
Miss S. M. White**

The engagement is announced between Duncan James, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Brown, 8 Beechwood Road, Sanderstead, and Sarah Margaret, elder daughter of Mr. C. R. White, Obriessum, Four Elms, Kent, and the late Mrs. W. J. White.

**Mr. J. G. Parkin and  
Miss A. E. Mulliner**

The engagement is announced between John Giles, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Parkin, Reaseheath Old Hall, Nantwich, Cheshire, and of Anne Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Mulliner, Moor Hall, Nantwich.

**Mr. C. J. Rooth, R.M., and  
Miss G. E. M. V. Brown**

The engagement is announced between Christopher John, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. G. Rooth, of Radway House, Bishopsteignton, Devon, and Georgina, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Brown, of Western House, Chudleigh, Devon.

**Mr. M. W. Church and  
Miss M. J. Dring**

The engagement is announced between Michael Witton, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Church, of St. Albans, Herts, and Melissa Jane, younger daughter of Mr. W. Dring, R.A., and Mrs. Dring, of Compton, Winchester, Hants.

**Mr. J. H. Taylor and  
Miss R. D. Stott**

The engagement is announced between Jeremy Hugh Taylor, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor, of Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, and Rachel Dorothy, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. W. Stott, Dowdeswell Rectory, Cheltenham.

**Mr. J. N. Fuller-Shapcott and  
Miss G. E. Osmond**

The engagement is announced between James Nigel, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. F. Fuller-Shapcott, of Horns Copse, Upper Woolhampton, Berkshire, and Gillian Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Osmond, of West Kennett, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

**Mr. H. C. Drummond and  
Miss S. M. Stewart**

The engagement is announced between Hugh Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Drummond, Straid, Girvan, Ayrshire, and Susan Mary, only daughter of Wing Cdr. and Mrs. R. D. Stewart, Bargaly, Newton Stewart, Wigstonshire.

**Mr. R. W. Hayes and  
Miss R. S. Peck**

The engagement is announced between Ralph, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hayes, of 65 Villiers Road, Willesden, and Rosemary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Peck, of Hale Lodge, Roxborough Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

**Dr. V. R. Bruce and  
Miss B. Yates**

The engagement is announced between Dick, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bruce, of Hamilton House, Brookway Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, and Ben, daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Yates and Mrs. Yates, of The Mill House, Hurley, Berks.

## Classified advertisements

*Rates: 1/- a word (minimum charge 15/-). Box number 1/6. Series discount: 10% for 6, 20% for 13 insertions. Please write advertisement in BLOCK letters and send with remittance to The Tatler (Classified Advertisements), 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (TRA 7020). Cheques &c. payable to Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.*

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## PERSONAL

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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

SOMETHING IN THE POT! A CHICKEN, A PIECE OF PICKLED BEEF OR A LEG of pork, each with lots of vegetables or, almost better than anything, a dish with two meats in it or even three. This is warming and robust food for a cold-weather meal. Years ago, I learned about two-meat ragouts from a wonderful cook. The following must have had its origin in *cassoulet* but she, good cook though she was, had never heard of such a dish, nor did she take all the pains that devotees to a *cassoulet* think necessary. This RAGOUT takes time and it is a good idea to make a large pot of it because, like so many other dishes of this kind, it is even better when re-heated the next day or even the day after that.

Start with 1 to 1½ lb. of dried haricot beans and buy, if possible, the kind that will cook in about 3 hours. If there is an Italian grocer in your vicinity, he is sure to have the right type. Wash and soak them for about half a day, then drain them, re-cover them with cold water and slowly cook them for an hour. Cut 2 lb. of middle neck of lamb into pieces and wash them under running water to get rid of any bone splinters. Drain and dry them. Cut also 1½ lb. of spare ribs of pork in a similar way (the British not the American type of spare ribs). Gently fry all these and a chopped onion in a little butter to a pale gold. Transfer to a large casserole. Add ½ cup water and continue the cooking.

After pouring off most of the fat, work a tablespoon of tubed tomato purée into the residue in the frying pan. Add ½ lb. chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes, a diced carrot, a sliced stalk of celery and a tablespoon of flour. Gradually stir in a glass of medium-sweet vermouth and some of the water in which the beans cooked. Simmer to thicken the sauce, then pour it over the meats. Add a teaspoon of salt, some freshly milled pepper and, tied in a muslin bag with a long thread to overhang the casserole, 4 to 6 stems of parsley, a bay leaf and a pinch of thyme. Add the beans and enough of their stock to cover the contents of the casserole. Cover tightly and either cook for 2½ to 3 hours in a slow oven (325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3) or simmer very slowly on top of the cooker. Taste and season further, if necessary. Remove the herb bag. Pick out the meats and arrange them in a deepish serving-dish. Pour

## Ragout in tandem

the beans and sauce over and around them. Finally, sprinkle with 1 to 2 tablespoons of freshly chopped parsley.

The foregoing quantities will serve eight people very well—or for people for two meals.

Tripe is one of those unfashionable things that no one ever talks about, but it must be very popular because it is so difficult to come by. Our own TRIPE & ONIONS is a classic and a dish that most know without being given any special recipe. There is, however, one point that needs clearing up. How does one avoid that strong yellowish cast in the sauce? Again, the old cook gave me the clue. Have the dressed tripe cut ready for cooking and blanch it and the onions separately for a minute. Drain and rinse them, place together in a pan with half a cup of water, cover and cook gently. Both the tripe and the onions yield enough moisture so that half a cup of water is all that is needed. About 20 minutes before the meal, make a *roux* of butter and flour. Add milk to make just enough thickening sauce. Turn the tripe and onions into it and season them to taste. Finally, add a couple of tablespoons of cream and, if you like the flavour, a dessertspoon of dried chives, first soaked in milk, as directed. Or add as much chopped parsley as wished.

Here is an experimental dish I have just made. I call it TRIPE VILLEFRANCHE because I first met it, or something like it, in my favourite Mediterranean holiday spot. I like sweet red peppers and, for convenience, buy them in a can, already skinned.

For 4 servings, cut 1½ lb. of dressed tripe into finger strips and cut up similarly ½ to ¾ lb. of neck of pork. Fry these and 12 little onions to a pale gold in an ounce of butter. Work in a dessertspoon of tomato purée, ½ lb. of chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes, a glass of dry white wine or cider, and a little stock. Season to taste, including a pinch of grated nutmeg and a little crushed rosemary. Add the whole parts of 4 leeks, cut in half crosswise. Cover and cook until the leeks are done.

During the last 15 minutes, add a small can of red peppers (pimentos) cut into strips, and their liquid. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

## ROSES &amp; ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

## Get the edge on time

WHEN THE SUMMER COMES AGAIN, THE DAYS OF HARD WORK ARRIVE—the days of hoeing, watering and endlessly squirting greenfly that are obeying the injunction to be fruitful and multiply. At such times, hot and tired, you feel like doing a Bunbury, handing in your pail on the way out. Or else you ask yourself if there are any short cuts, crafty expedients which you have overlooked? The answer is, of course, a decided No. The only good labour-saving device known to me in the garden is a gardener, if you can find one of the right sort. I used to have one of the old school, who knew how to work and actually called me "Sir," touching his lock of hair—a feat I had previously believed possible only in Barsetshire.

Gardeners today tend to be expensive and *recherché*—so we do it ourselves. We have, therefore, every reason to avoid unnecessary labour and, though short cuts are out, there are a few ways to ease things a little. One of the most obvious is to work systematically, never taking on too much at a time. A little time and motion study and the imposition of a considered method leads to efficiency, eventually adding up to time saving. Odd quarter hours can be turned to advantage. This sounds a bit dedicated, like those who learn languages between Piccadilly and Perivale, but a lot can be done in odd sessions.

Just now in January you can get an edge on your time by seeing that all rose trees are in good shape, inspecting the labels and so on, and,

more important still, saving future spraying for black spot (as far as possible) by making certain that rose beds are free from prunings, and dead leaves, all of which, together with weeds, will re-infect the roses later in the year.

Good tools are another very important contribution to garden economy—in money as well as time. Inferior tools are no use whatever, so buy first-class implements and look after them carefully. I make a point of cleaning and oiling mine *each* time they have been used, which means that they are always ready for action. When the greenfly appears, spraying must be done at regular intervals of about 10 days; occasional haphazard spraying is a waste of time. Powerful support can be obtained by enlisting the birds as allies. Keep the garden free from cats and keep the birds throughout the year, particularly, of course, in winter. I have a detachment of residents—thrushes, robins, sparrows, tits, starlings and blackbirds, who repay my attention to them by helping to keep the garden clear of pests. In an area abounding with slugs and snails, I never see one in my garden, and in summer the sparrows and tits move up and down the roses, picking off the greenfly with an adroit jab entirely admirable.

If only a limited amount of time can be devoted to rose growing, it is important to choose only those types requiring least attention; modern polyantha and floribunda roses meet this requirement.



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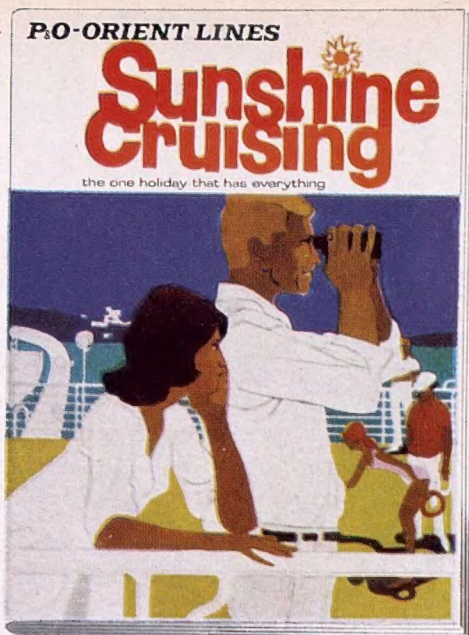


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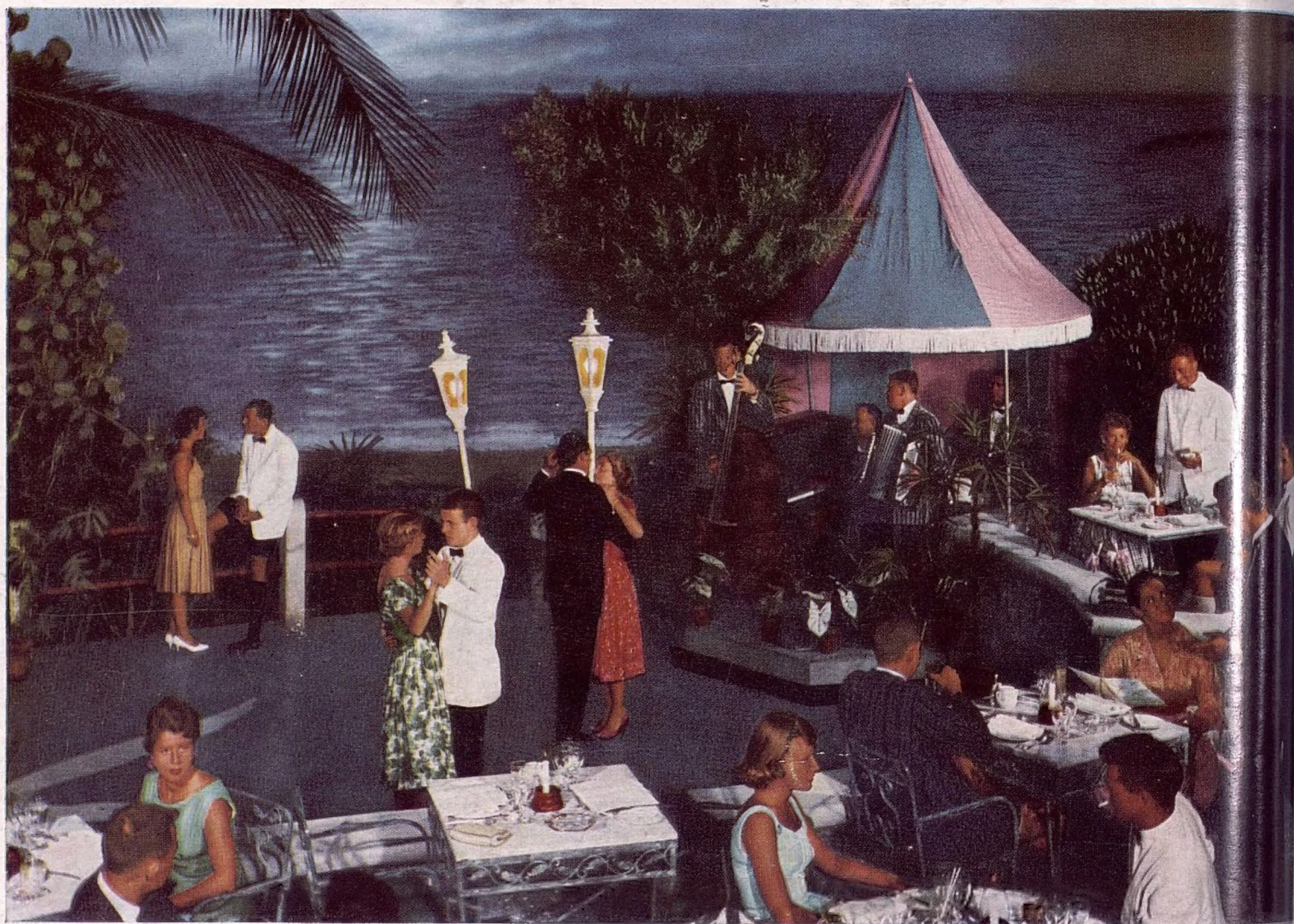
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